

ALL NEW FEATURES

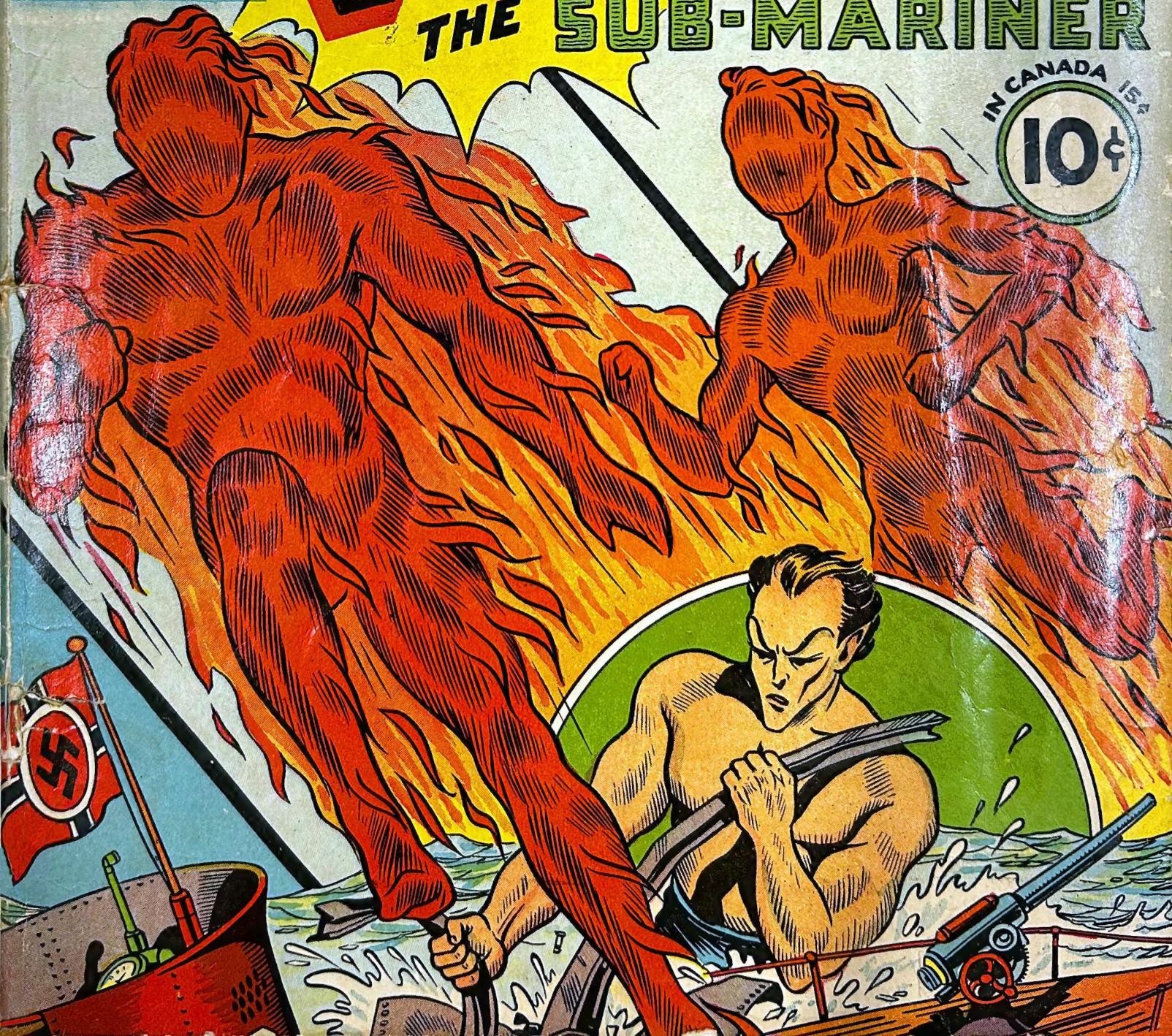
THE HUMAN TORCH

FALL NUMBER

MARVEL COMICS
Special Features

also
THE SUB-MARINER

IN CANADA 15¢
10¢



PARTIAL CONTENTS

Air Pistols
Alligators
Archery Sets
Banks & Vaults
Barometers
Bicycle Ornaments
Billfolds & Coin Purses
Boats
Books for Lovers
Books on Ventriloquism
Candid Cameras
Chameleons
Chemistry & Scientific Sets
Cigarette Cases
Coin Checks
Cowboy Novelties
Curious Seeds
Disguises
Electrical Appliances
Electric Baseball Game
Electric Eye
Electric Pants Presser
Electric Tie Presser
Electric Trains
Electro-Platers
Exercisers
Exploding Jokers
Fencing Supplies
Field Glasses
Firearms and Rifles
Fireworks
Fishing Supplies
Fortune Tellers
Games of Chance
Hobbies
Home Workshop Tools
Hula Hula Skirts
Hunting Knives
Hypnotism Books
Indian Novelties
Indoor Games
Inkless Fountain Pen
Jewelry
Key Checks
Kits
Live Animals
Live Ant Villages
Locks
Magic Tricks
Make Up Goods
Marriage License 10c
Microscopes
Model Airplanes
Muscle Developers
Musical Novelties
Novel Rings
Novelty Clocks
Occult Novelties
Office Time Savers
Oriental Novelties
Over 300 Cc Books
Pennants, Awards
Pipes
Pocket Adding Machines
Portable Radios, 69c up
Press Cards
Printing Presses
Projectors & Films
Puzzle Money Boxes
Puzzles
Radios & Supplies
Read-The-Back Cards
Religious Articles
Rubber Stamps
Secret Money Belts
Sex Books
Skeleton Keys
Slide Rules
Smokers' Novelties
Spiritualistic Novelties
Sporting Goods
Stamps
Sweater Emblems
Symbol Jewelry
Telegraph Sets, 15c up
Telescopes
Transmitters
Turtles
39c Typewriter
Watches
Weird & Mystic Articles
Wigs

READY! 1941 edition of this MAMMOTH Catalog of 9000 NOVELTIES

★ 628 PAGES! No other Catalog Like It! ★ 5000 ILLUSTRATIONS
★ 6-Color Cover ★ 48 Page Rotogravure Section

Nearly One Inch Thick.

World's Greatest Collection of Novelties

Its wonders will hold your interest and fascination for hours. If you've never had one of these remarkable catalogs in your hands, don't wait another minute before you send for it!

Items From All Corners of the World
JOHNSON SMITH & CO.
Dept. 528-C, DETROIT, MICH.

NOTHING ELSE QUITE LIKE IT!

Articles more interesting than a world's fair! Over 600 pages packed full of pictures and descriptions of odd items from all parts of the world—amusing, entertaining and useful articles some of which you never knew existed—hundreds of items not sold in stores—dozens of things you've always wanted but never knew where to find. They're all in this amazing NEW catalog. 5,000 different articles, 5,000 illustrations. Most complete catalog of its kind. Latest radio and hobby kits, newest styles of candid type cameras, fortune tellers, guns and rifles, sporting goods, books, seeds, weird occult novelties, strange postage stamps, disguises, live reptiles, etc., etc. In fact thousands of all the latest novelties, many unobtainable elsewhere. Many items brought from strange lands—from strange people. It's the greatest collection of unusual things in the world. Read it— you'll be amazed—and pleased.

Rush the Coupon

Just 3 Of The 9000 Amazing, Amusing Novelties

JACK ASS CIGARET DISPENSER

Nod of the head and out comes a cigarette—under the tail! Great laugh producer and practical cigar dispenser. Holds 10 cigarettes. Finished wood, movable head and tail. Old Hill Billy Moss sits on Jackass with case of corn. Colorfully designed. Great for den or office. 7 1/2" x 1 1/2" high. Each in box. Postpaid... **69c**



Diving SUBMARINE

10 1/2" Long 2 Navigates! Dives!



Dives or rides on and under water. Will dive then come up. Adjustable diving fins, ice breaker, rudder. Adjustable ballast chamber. Powerful driving motor. Natural sea colors, realistic looking. 10 1/2" in. long. Complete right down to small details. All metal enamel construction. Speedy. Postpaid... **\$1.19**

LIVE CHAMELEON

Watch It Change Color! A LIVE PET!



Get one of these most wonderful creatures. Watch it change color. Study its habits. Wear one in the lapel of your coat as a curiosity. Shoots out its tongue to catch flies and insects for food. Can go for months without food. Almost four inches long. Live delivery guaranteed. Price Postpaid... **25c**

PUT REAL "LIFE" INTO YOUR NEXT PARTY WITH THESE FUNMAKERS!

Go thru your catalog when it arrives. Pick out a half dozen fun makers and put them to work at your party. "BINGO" shooters aimed under telephones, plates, etc., explode violently but harmlessly. Auto Bombs, find in this catalog you can put on a surprise party that will amaze even the wildest guest! Be prepared—get your copy of this big, new flash and amazing catalog right away. Magazines and newspapers have praised this unusual catalog. Tide and New Yorker, "Most unusual catalog ever seen." Coronet, "In this industry, Johnson Smith & Co. is supreme." Over 25,000,000 customers is your guarantee of service and satisfaction!

Here Are the Answers to Some of Your Questions About This Big Book!

Is it a Catalog?

Yes—but it's the most wonderful catalog you've ever held in your hands. You'll be amazed and amused at the novelties, the useful time savers. It's more than a catalog—it's an encyclopedia of hundreds of things you can't find elsewhere.

Are the Articles Expensive?

No—most articles are less than \$1.00; thousands actually 25c and lower. Yet it covers a wide range of goods.

Is There Something to Interest Me?

YOU BET! We'll guarantee that you'll find plenty of interesting articles you've never seen before. Many people actually spend days looking at this interesting book.

Why Do I Send 3c?

To absolutely limit the number of copies to those most interested; to help prevent more than one catalog from going to each person.

This is, actually, less than 1-10th of our cost. From start to finish, we spend nearly 50c for each copy sent out!

What Obligation Is There?

Absolutely none! You need buy nothing at all from this catalog. BUT, it pays us to send you this catalog because most people like to keep it, and order from it. Sooner or later, we've found, they get something they want—and we get their order!

SEND ONLY 3c—ACTUALLY LESS THAN ONE-TENTH OUR COST!

Send just 3c (or 15c for DeLuxe cloth bound edition) and our new catalog will be sent to you immediately. A great big mammoth catalog of 628 pages—rotogravure section—6 color cover—9,000 amazing novelties—over 5,000 illustrations! Send 3c in any convenient form—unused U.S. postage stamps accepted—and we'll do the rest! Use coupon below so you'll be sure to get the new, 1941 edition!

DeLuxe Cloth Bound Edition 15c

DeLuxe Edition with permanent hard cloth binding suitable for adding to your library is available for only 15c. Lasts longer. Looks better.

== Ready For Distribution ==

YES! I Want Your 1941 CATALOG! Rush It To Me!

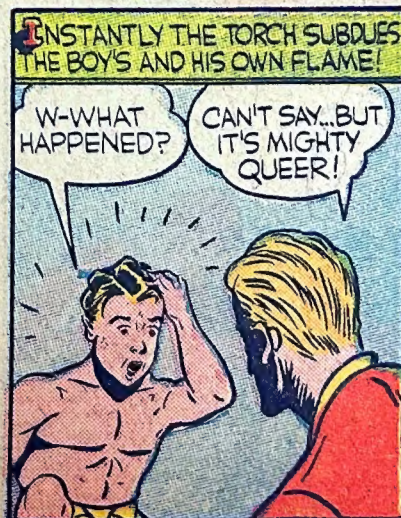
Johnson Smith & Company, Dept. 528-C, Detroit, Michigan

☐ Here's 3c, Rush 628 Page 1941 Catalog. ☐ Here's 15c, Rush DeLuxe Edition

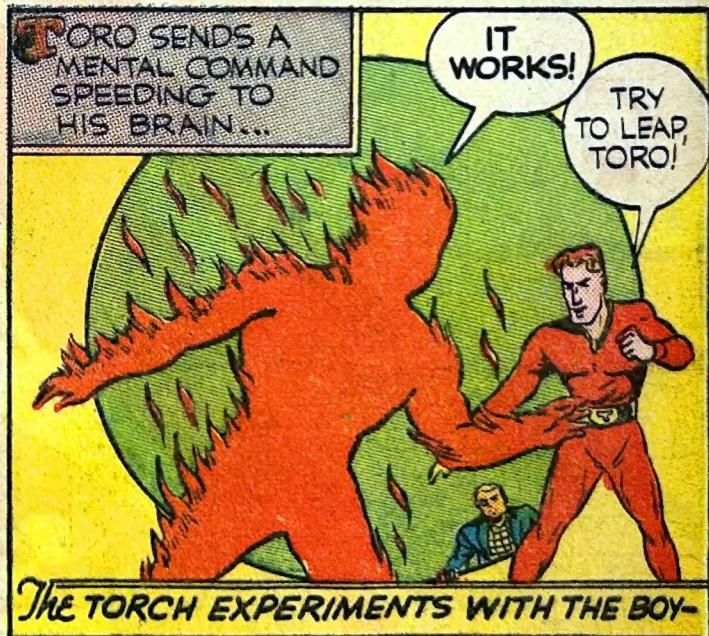
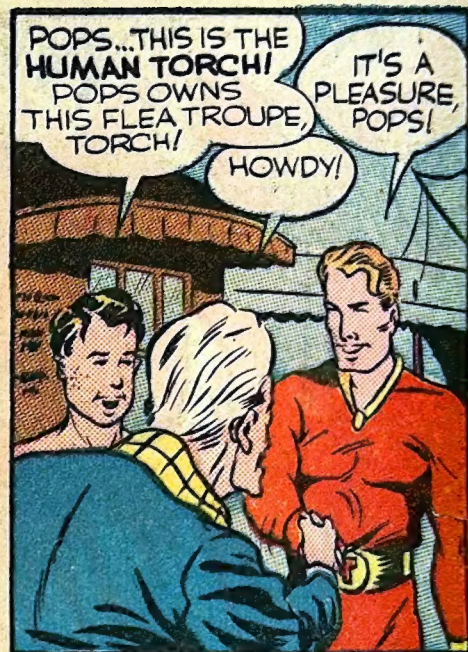
Name _____

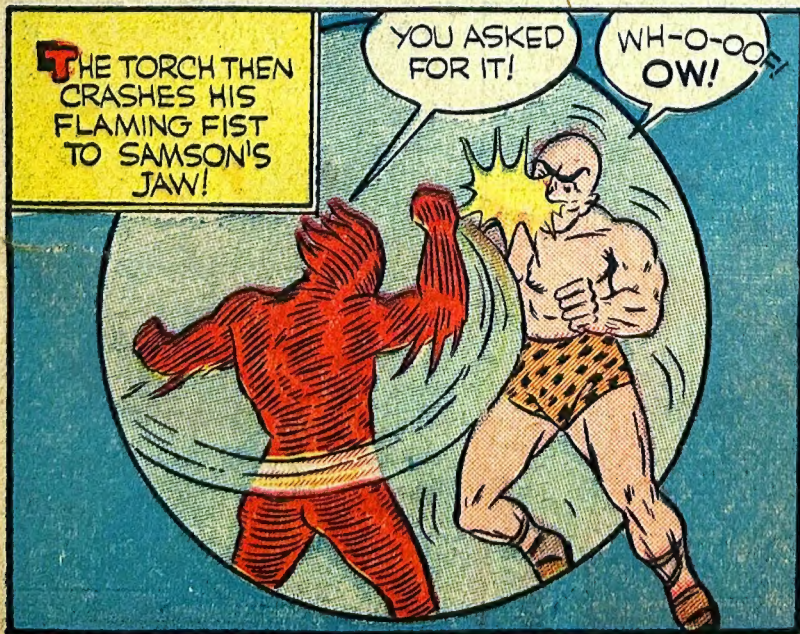
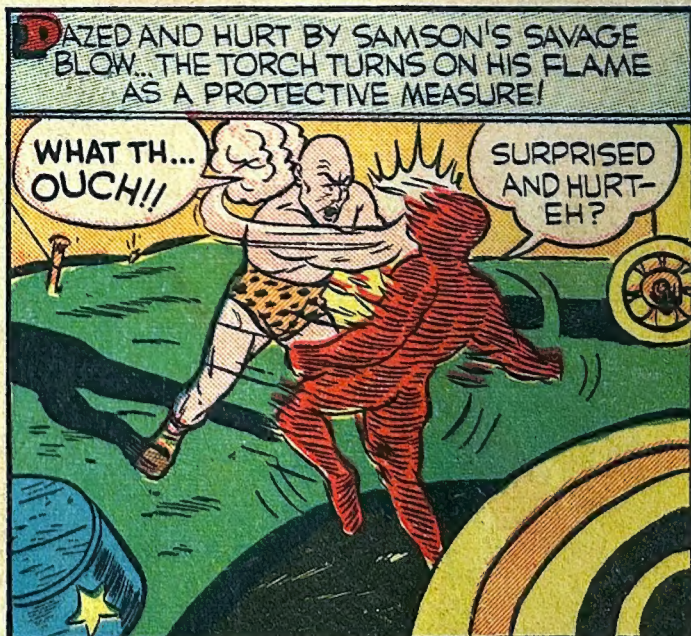
Address _____

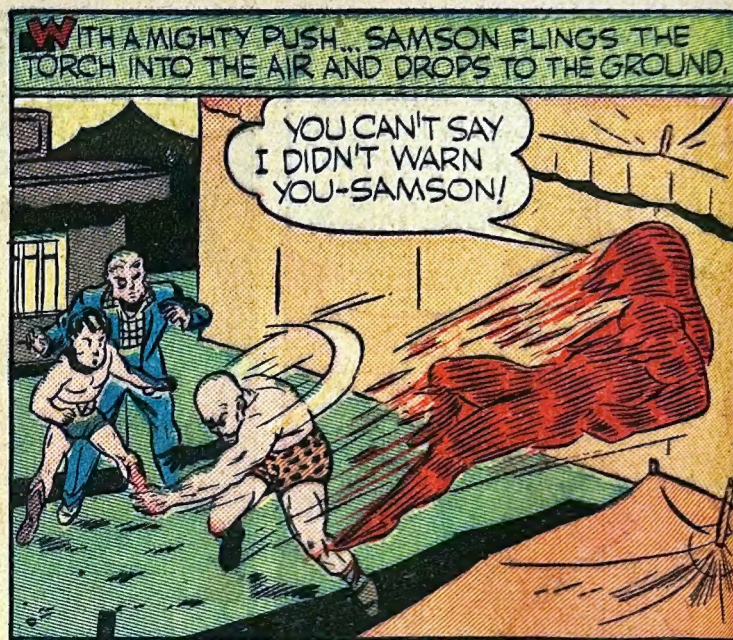
RUSH COUPON!

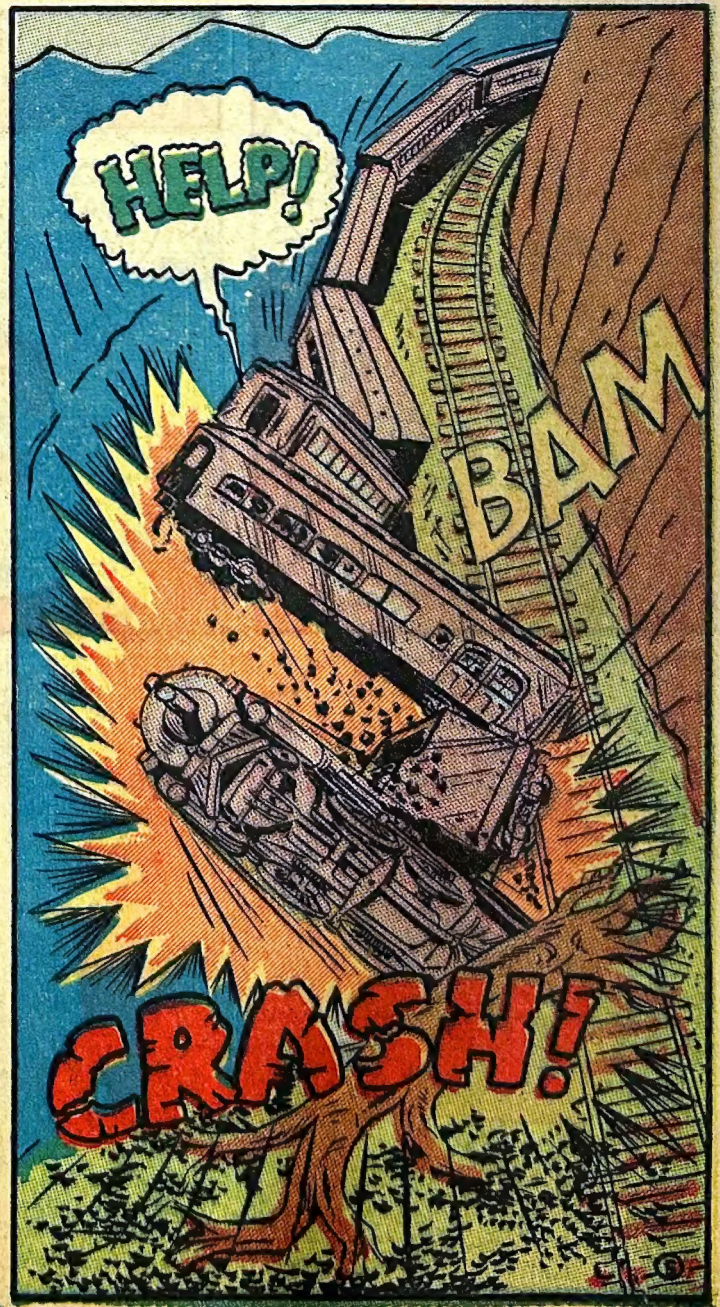
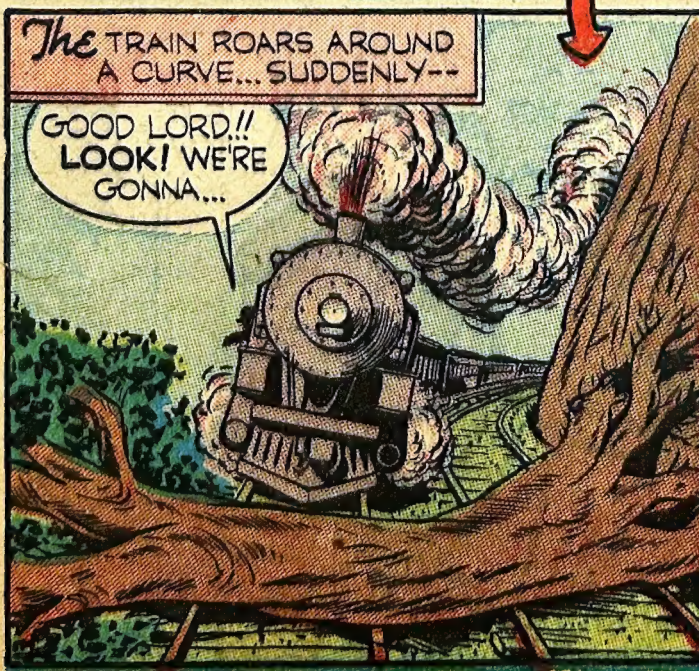
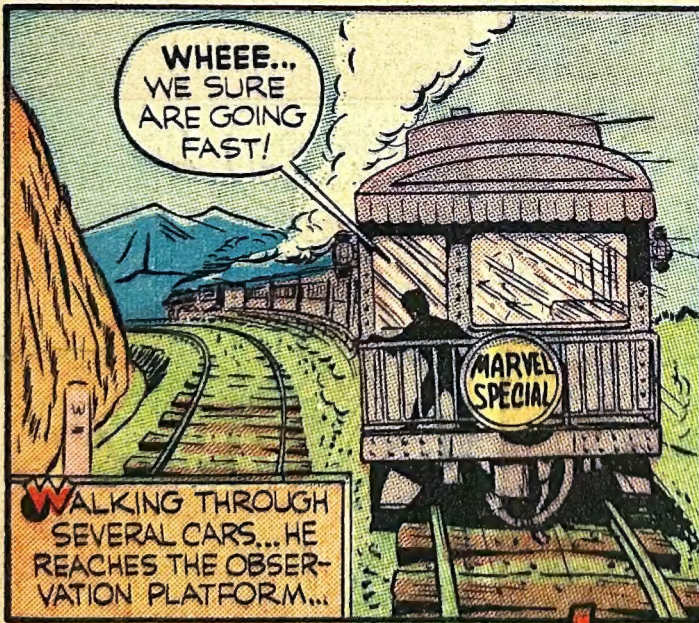


HUMAN TORCH published quarterly by Timely Publications at Meriden, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Meriden, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1940 by Timely Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. Art narratives by Funnies, Incorporated, N. Y., N. Y. Volume 1, No. 2, Fall issue. Printed in U.S.A. Single copies 10c; in Canada 15c. Yearly subscription \$4.00.

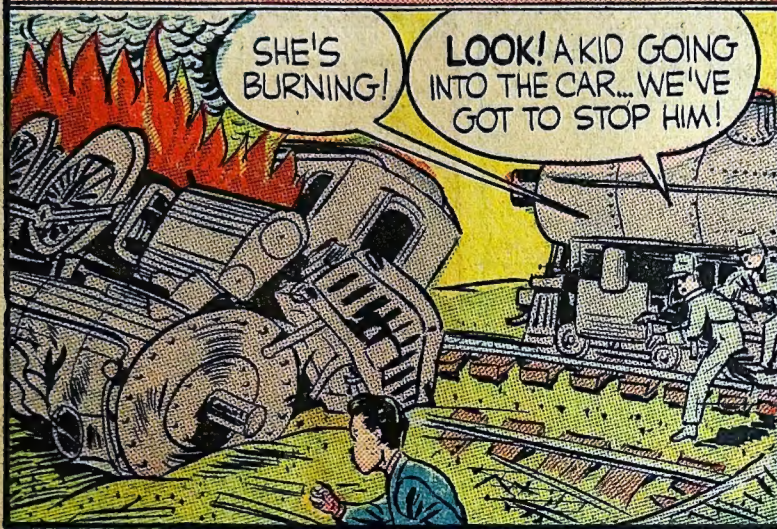








THE WRECKED TRAIN BURSTS INTO FLAMES AS A CIRCUS TRAIN SCREECHES TO A HALT ON THE OPPOSITE TRACK!



SHE'S BURNING!

LOOK! A KID GOING INTO THE CAR... WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

MOMMY...
M-MOMMY!
DAD... **DAD!**

HOLD IT, SON!
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! YOU'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!



I DON'T CARE!
LET ME GO...
LET ME GO!



LIKE A SLIPPERY EEL... THE BOY SQUIRMS OUT OF THE STRANGER'S GRASP!

MOMMY...
DADDY...
I'M COMING!



THE FLAMES LASH AT THE BOY AND FORCE HIM BACK...

POOR KID--
HE'S FAINTED!

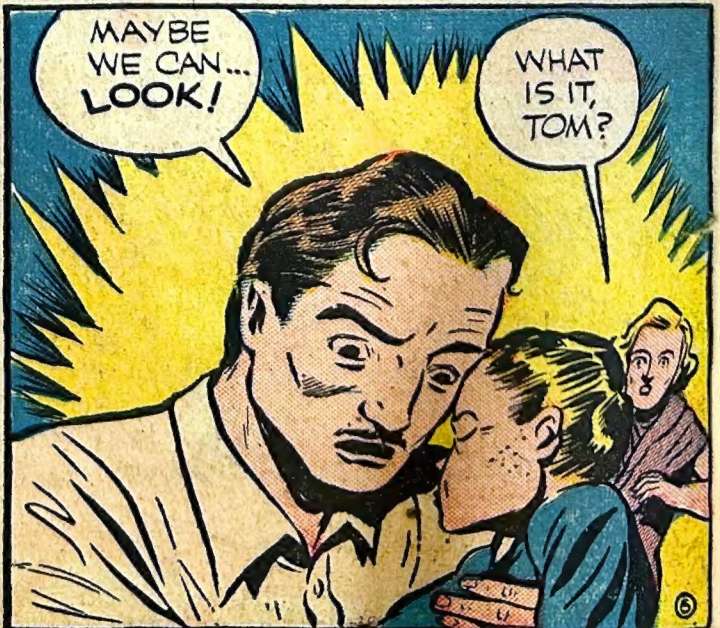


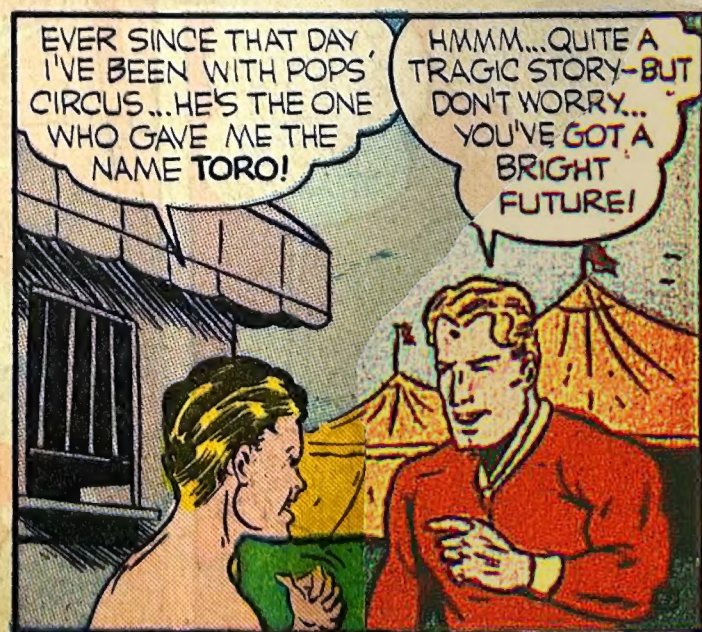
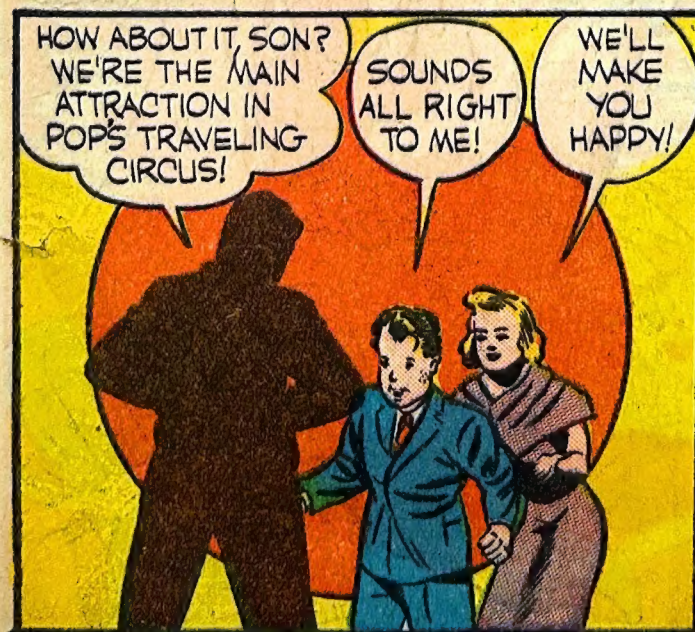
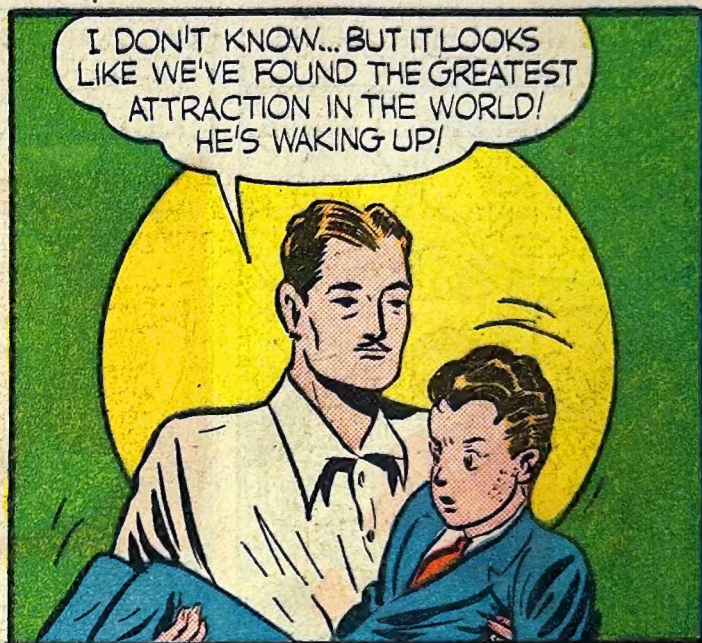
POOR CHILD!
IF WE COULD ONLY
DO SOMETHING
FOR HIM!

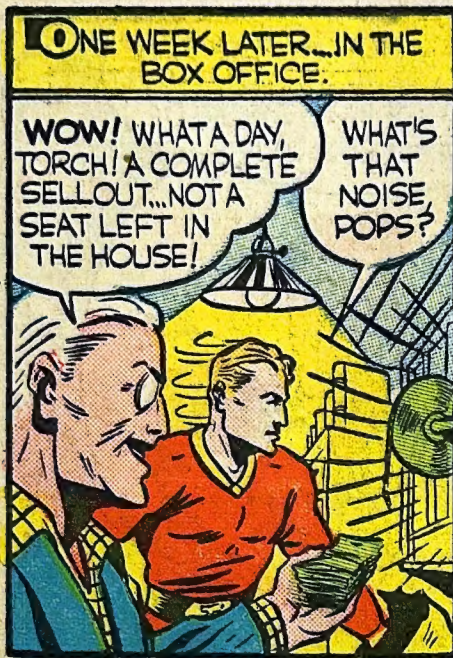


MAYBE
WE CAN...
LOOK!

WHAT
IS IT,
TOM?







SUDDENLY TORO LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH AND WEAVES THROUGH THE AIR...FORMING A BLAZING LETTER T... THE CUE FOR THE SHOW TO START!



INSTANTLY SOLID STEEL DRUMS, TWO FEET THICK ARE BROUGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, AND PLACED FIVE FEET APART...

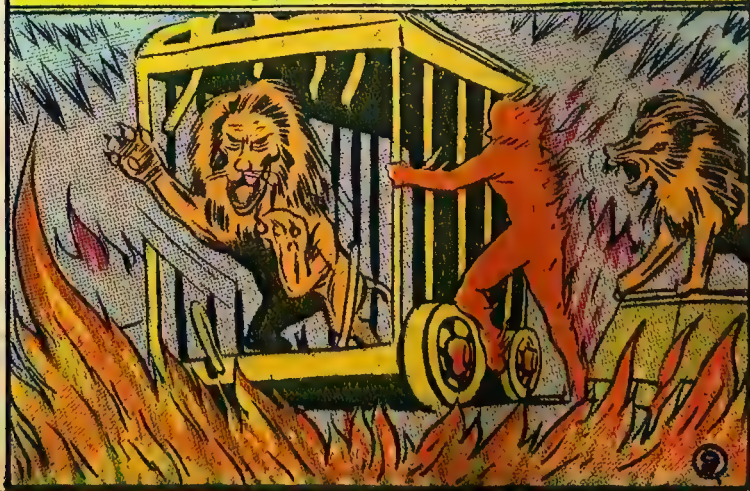


WATCH HIM, FOLKS...HE WILL MELT THROUGH THE STEEL AND DO A SOMERSAULT BETWEEN EACH IN EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS...



SEVERAL SMALL CAGES HOLDING A CARGO OF WILD BEASTS ARE BROUGHT IN AND PLACED IN A CIRCLE ... AT TORO'S ORDER!

LEAVING A CIRCLE OF FLAMES AROUND THE CAGES...TORO'S BLAZING HANDS MELT THE PROTECTIVE STEEL CAGE BARS...AND THE BEASTS ARE FREE!



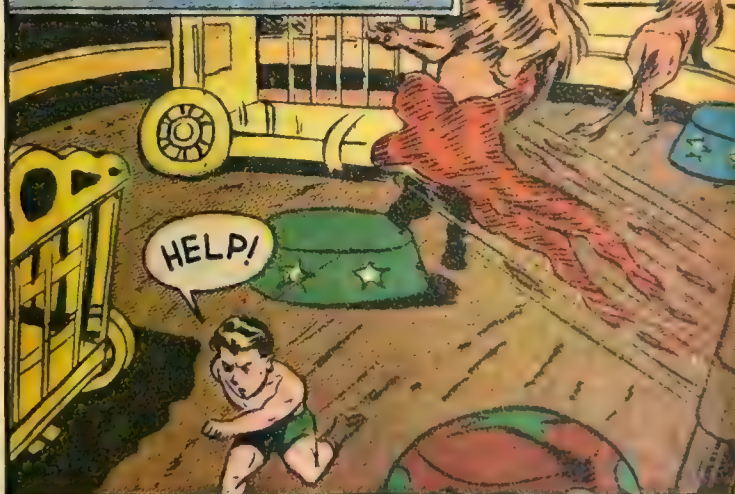
SUDDENLY FIREMEN ENTER THE TENT AND OPEN THE HOSES ON THE BLAZING RING OF FIRE!



AS THE FIRE HISSES OUT...THE BEASTS BECOME BOLD, AND MOVE SWIFTLY TO ATTACK THE CROWD!



BUT A FLASH OF LIGHT WHIZZES BETWEEN TORO AND THE BEAST...IT'S THE TORCH!



AS THE LION DROPS TO THE FLOOR...THE TORCH TAKES TO THE AIR AND ROUNDS UP THE OTHERS!



BY SPREADING A SECOND CIRCLE OF FIRE AROUND THE ARENA, AS TORO'S SKIN DRIES HIS FLAME BRINGS THE BEASTS UNDER CONTROL.

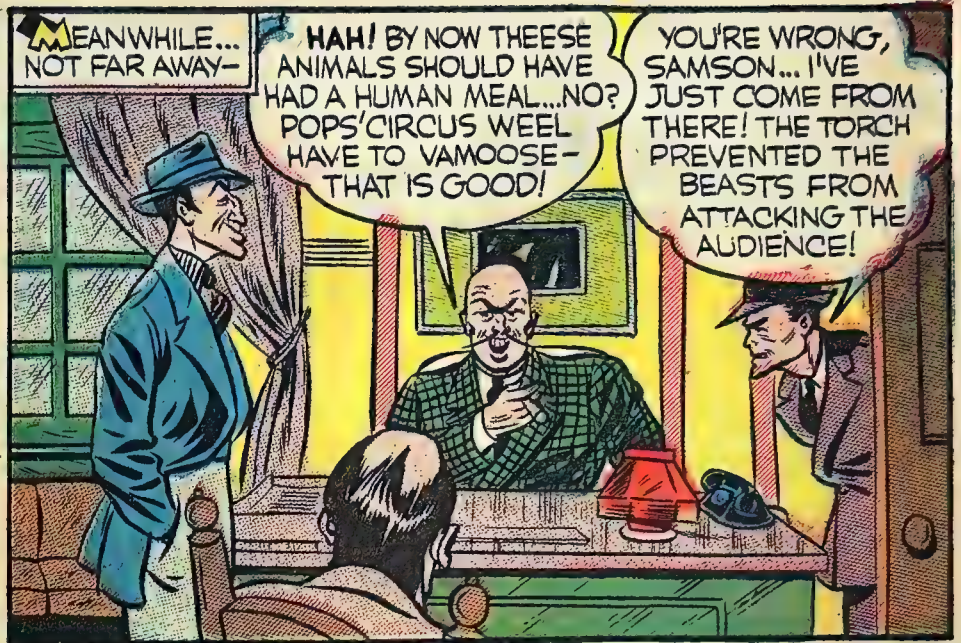


THE TORCH THEN SUBDUES HIS FLAME.





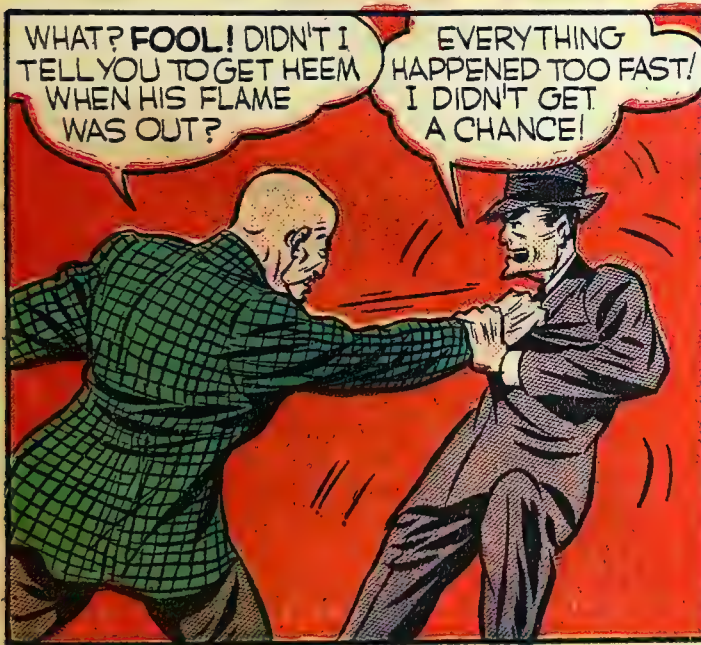
IT'S JUST A HUNCH-BUT IF YOU ASK ME-THAT SOMEONE IS... **SAMSON!**



MEANWHILE...
NOT FAR AWAY-

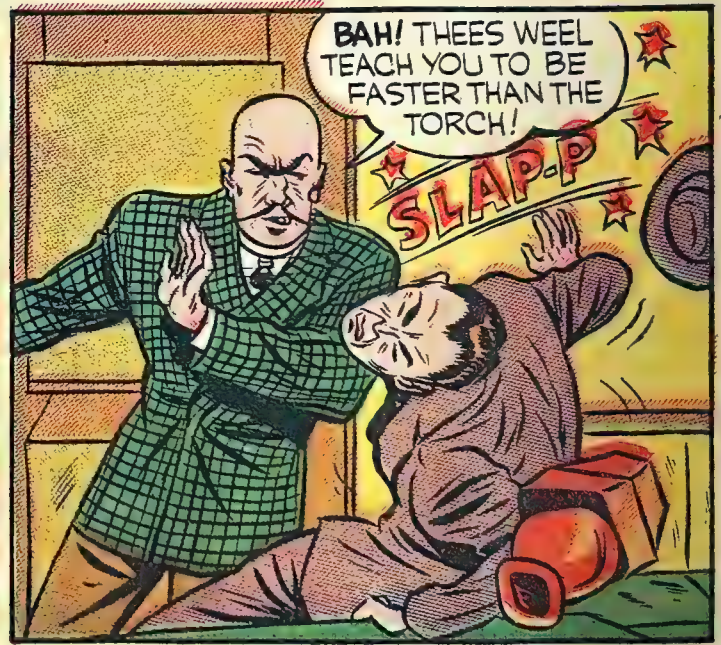
HAH! BY NOW THEESE ANIMALS SHOULD HAVE HAD A HUMAN MEAL...NO? POPS'CIRCUS WEEL HAVE TO VAMOOSE- THAT IS GOOD!

YOU'RE WRONG, SAMSON... I'VE JUST COME FROM THERE! THE TORCH PREVENTED THE BEASTS FROM ATTACKING THE AUDIENCE!



WHAT? FOOL! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GET HEEM WHEN HIS FLAME WAS OUT?

EVERYTHING HAPPENED TOO FAST! I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE!



BAH! THEES WEEL TEACH YOU TO BE FASTER THAN THE TORCH!

SLAPP



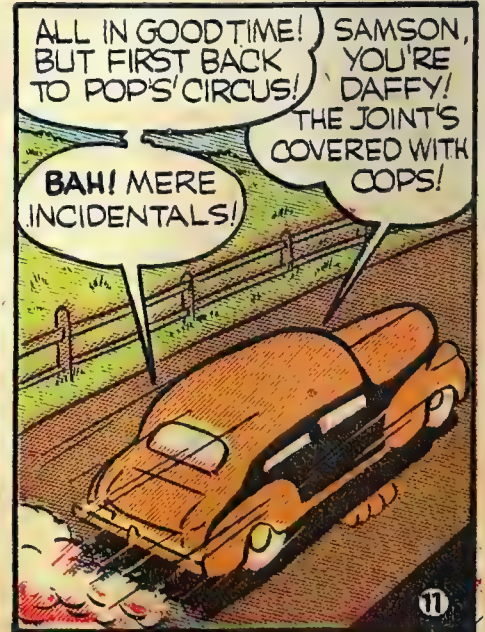
CARAMBA! I HAVE GREAT IDEA! THEES TIME I'LL SUCCEED IN GETTING FIRE-BUG!



WHAT'S THE RUSH, SAMSON? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YEAH.. AND WHAT IS YOUR GREAT IDEA?

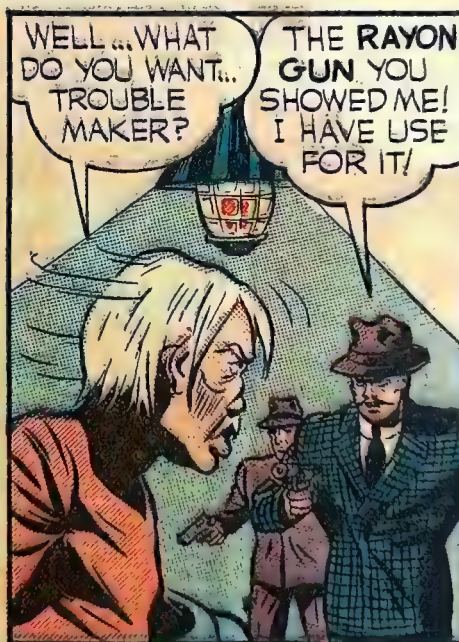
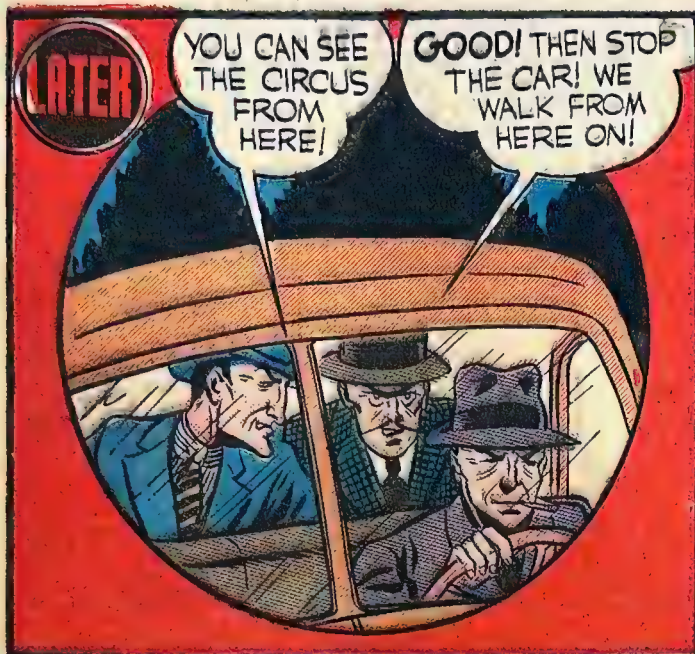
SAMSON KEEPS HIS MISSION A SECRET-AS HE AND HIS PALS START OUT...

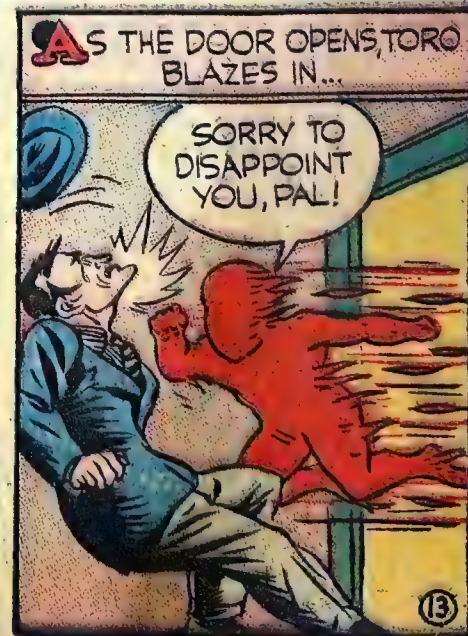
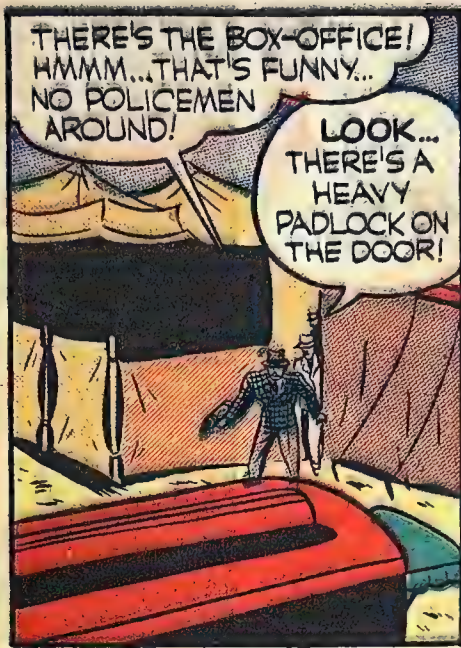
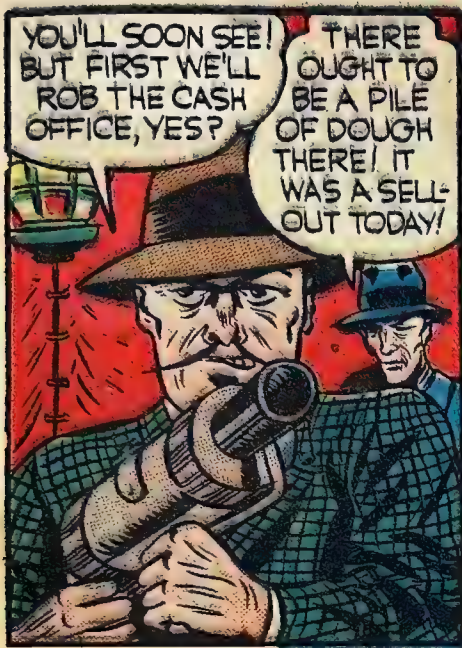


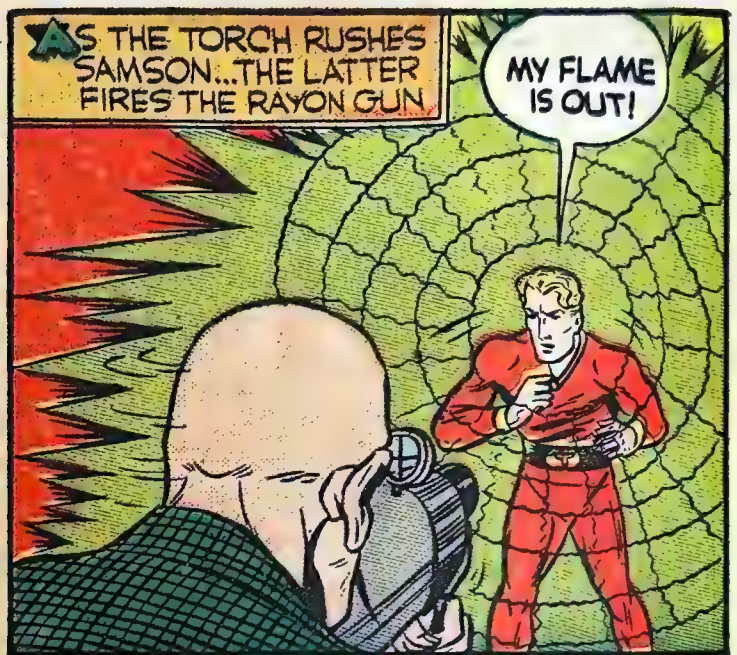
ALL IN GOOD TIME! BUT FIRST BACK TO POPS'CIRCUS!

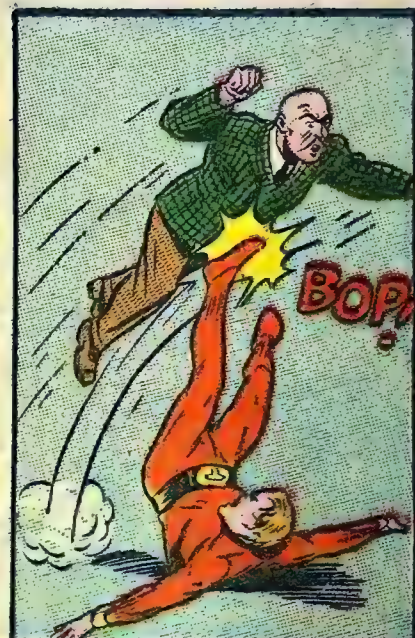
SAMSON, YOU'RE DAFFY! THE JOINT'S COVERED WITH COOPS!

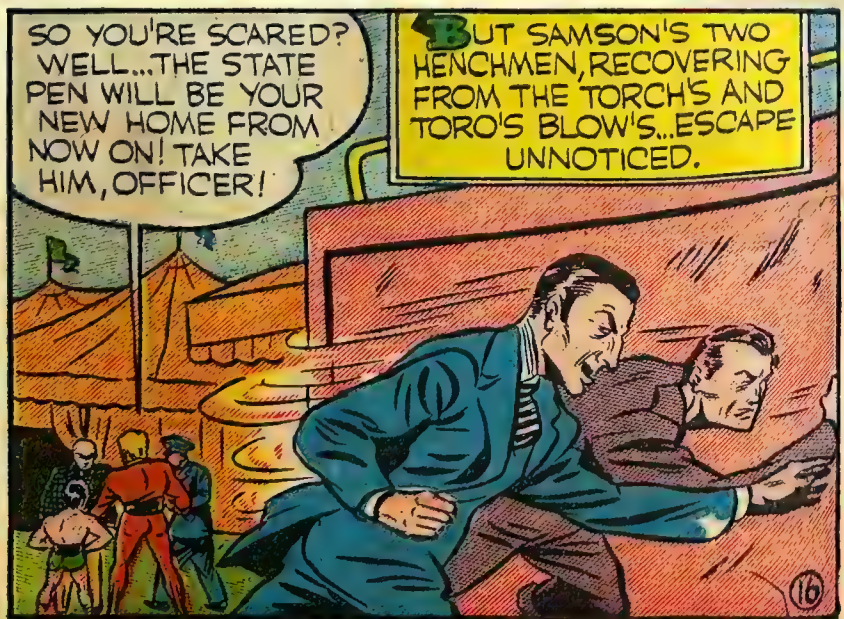
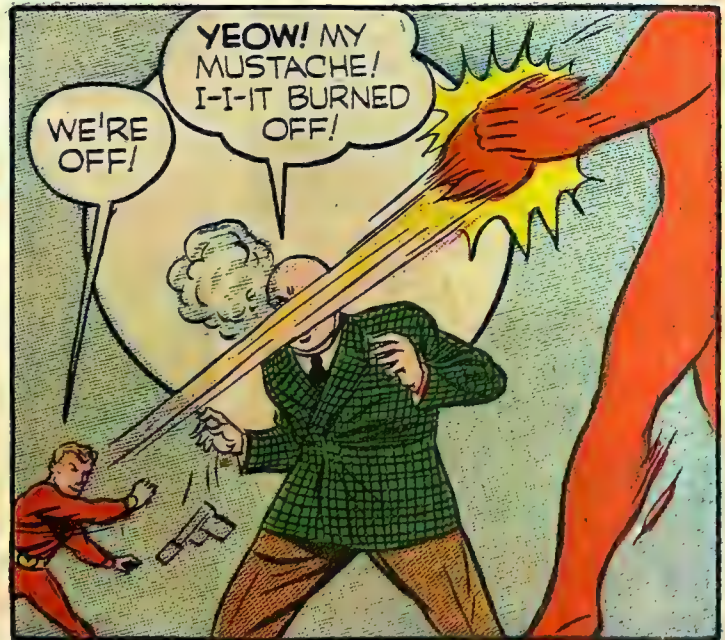
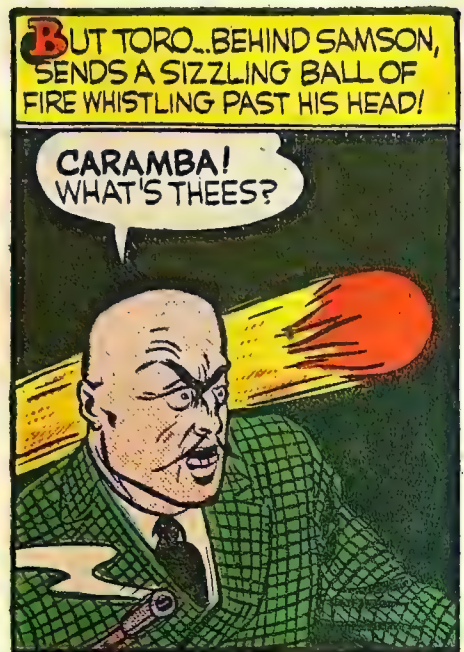
BAH! MERE INCIDENTALS!

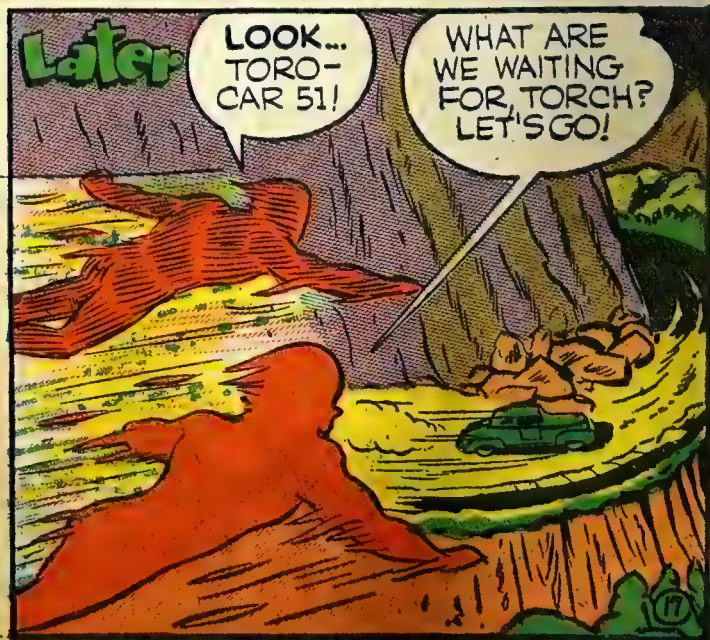
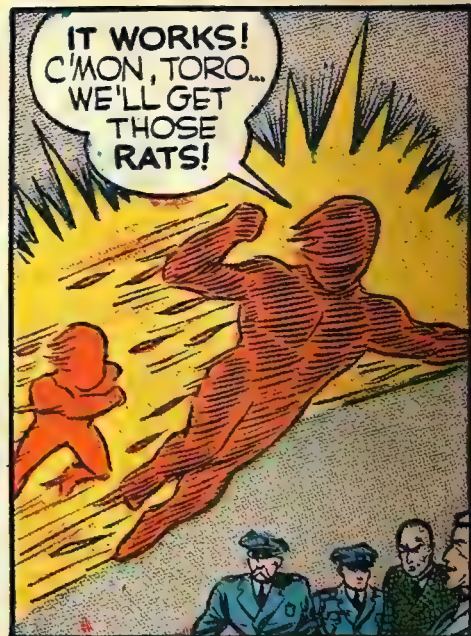
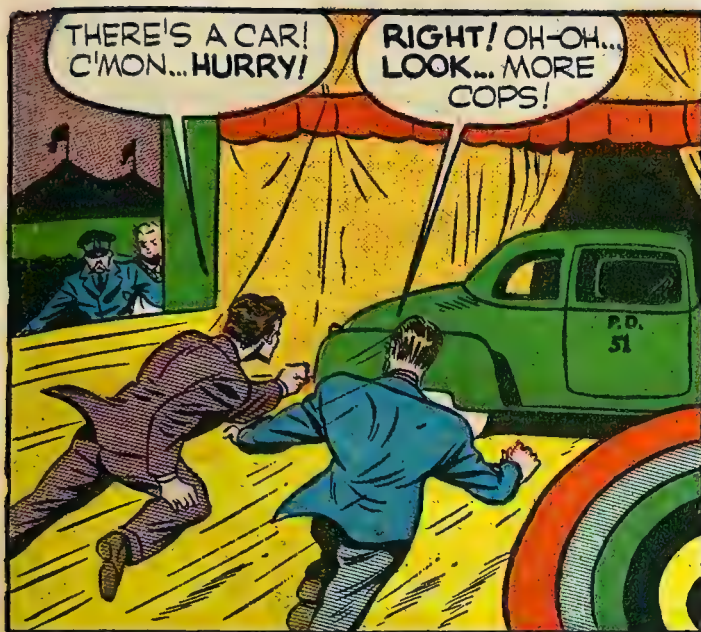








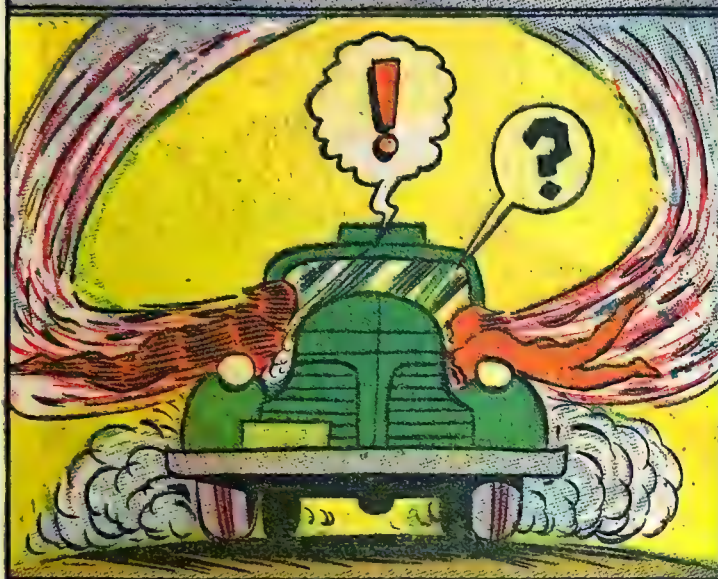




LIKE TWO BLAZING COMETS...THE TORCH AND TORO SWOOP DOWN ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FAST MOVING POLICE CAR...



...AND CRASH THEIR FLAMING BODIES INTO THE GET-A-WAY CAR!



INSIDE THE CAR....

THEY'RE MELTING OUR MOTOR!

WATCH OUT-- WE'RE GONNA CRASH!



AS THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE BOULDER...THE TORCH AND TORO LEAP TO SAFETY!



LOOK...THE TORCH AND TORO ARE COMING BACK! GET YOUR ROD...WE AIN'T GOIN' TO GIVE UP!

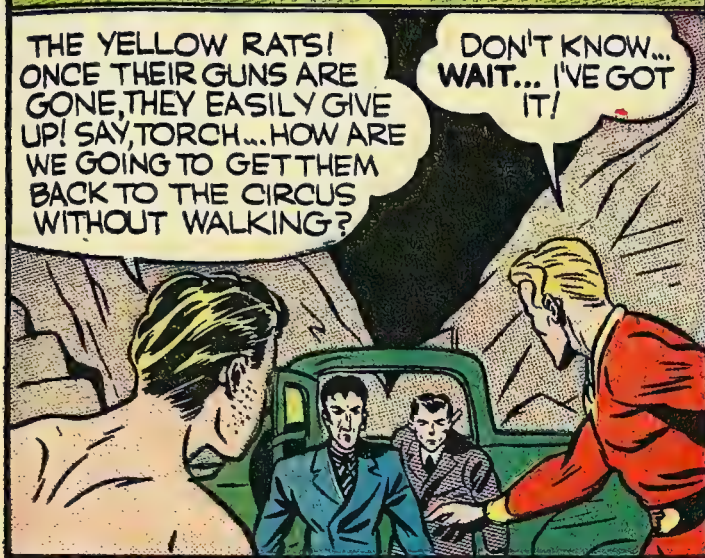


BUT FLAMES STREAK FROM THE TORCH AND TORO... INSTANTLY THE GUNS BECOME A MOLTEN MASS!

IT'S NO USE...WE'D BETTER GIVE UP!



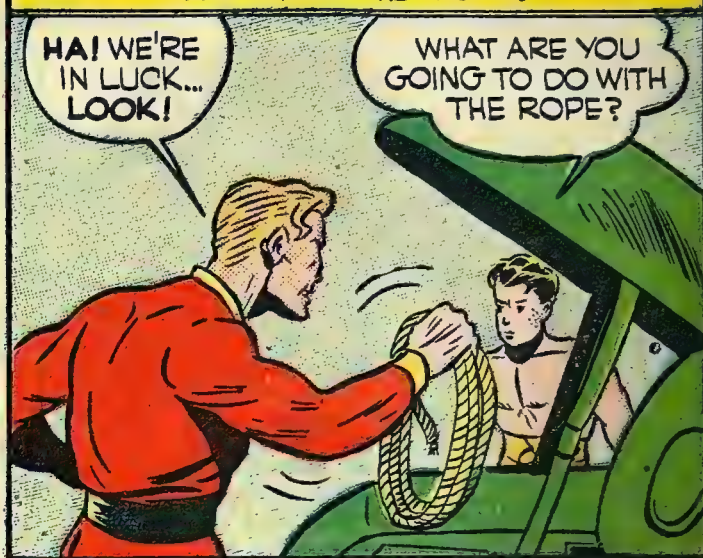
THE TWO BLAZING FIGURES LAND AND SUBDUCE THEIR FLAMES!



THE YELLOW RATS! ONCE THEIR GUNS ARE GONE, THEY EASILY GIVE UP! SAY, TORO... HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THEM BACK TO THE CIRCUS WITHOUT WALKING?

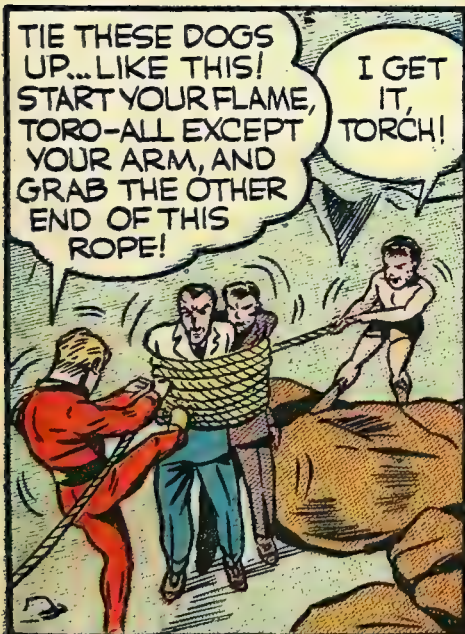
DON'T KNOW... WAIT... I'VE GOT IT!

THE TORCH MOVES TO THE WRECKED CAR AND OPENS THE TRUNK!



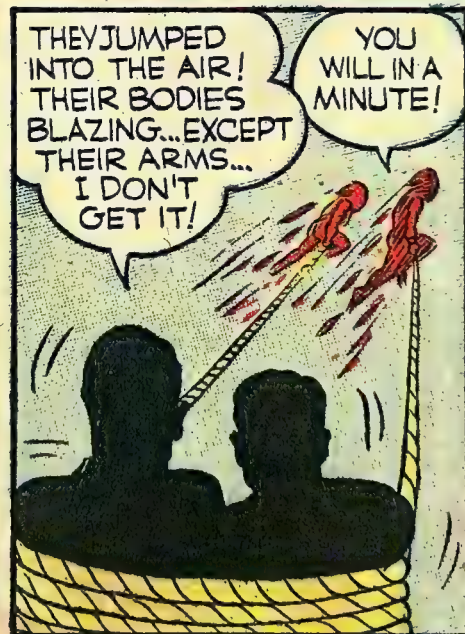
HA! WE'RE IN LUCK... LOOK!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE ROPE?



TIE THESE DOGS UP... LIKE THIS! START YOUR FLAME, TORO-- ALL EXCEPT YOUR ARM, AND GRAB THE OTHER END OF THIS ROPE!

I GET IT, TORO!



THEY JUMPED INTO THE AIR! THEIR BODIES BLAZING... EXCEPT THEIR ARMS... I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WILL IN A MINUTE!



YEOW!! WE ARE GOING UP!

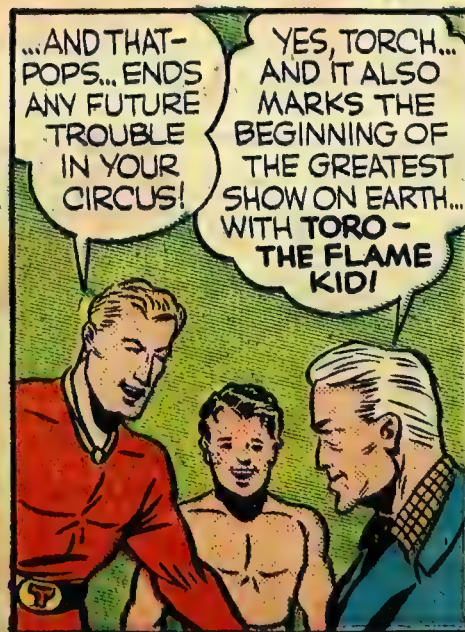
THEY'RE DRAGGING US THROUGH SPACE!

LATER... THE SMALL GROUP LANDS ON THE CIRCUS LOT...



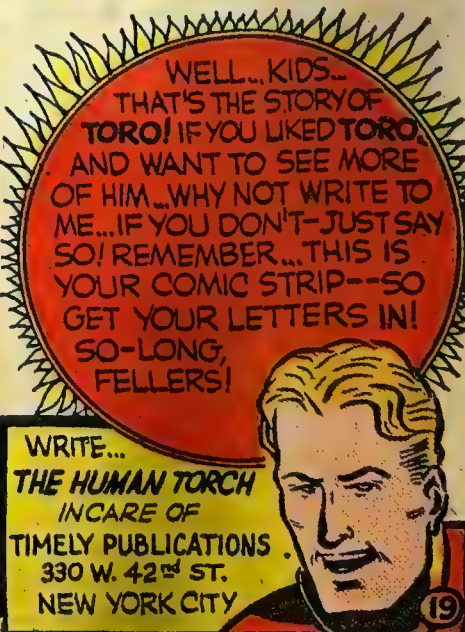
HA! THE LAW OF GRAVITY TOOK CARE OF THEM!

NASTY SPILL! BUT THEY DESERVED IT!



...AND THAT-- POPS... ENDS ANY FUTURE TROUBLE IN YOUR CIRCUS!

YES, TORO... AND IT ALSO MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH... WITH TORO-- THE FLAME KID!



WELL... KIDS... THAT'S THE STORY OF TORO! IF YOU LIKED TORO, AND WANT TO SEE MORE OF HIM... WHY NOT WRITE TO ME... IF YOU DON'T-- JUST SAY SO! REMEMBER... THIS IS YOUR COMIC STRIP-- SO GET YOUR LETTERS IN! SO-- LONG, FELLERS!

WRITE...
THE HUMAN TORCH
IN CARE OF
TIMELY PUBLICATIONS
330 W. 42ND ST.
NEW YORK CITY

RA! **MANHATTAN Daily Express** EXTRA!
 SPECIAL EDITION
 NEW YORK FALL 1940
 PUBLISHED BY MARVEL COMICS
 PRICE 10 CENTS


SUB-MARINER

CRASHES NEW YORK AGAIN!!!

FIFTH COLUMNISTS IN BALTIMORE STRIKES IN OLD GOTHAM


NAMOR, THE MUCH FEARED AND RESPECTED PHENOMENON FROM THE ANTARCTIC ICELANDS, ONCE MORE INVADES MANHATTAN!

BY BILL EVERETT
 (SPECIAL TO MARVEL COMICS)




SAY, MAC, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT THE SUB-MARINER?


OH, NOTHIN' MUCH, DOC. SOME REPORTER JUST SEEN 'IM SWIMMIN' AROUND TH' BATTERY, LOOKIN' TH' TOWN OVER.



BUT HERE'S AN INTERESTIN' ARTICLE — SAYS THAT TH' "FIFTH COLUMN" IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINKIN' OF THEM FOUR NEW-FANGLED BATTLESHIPS AN' DESTROYERS IN TH' NAVY SHIP-YARDS AT BALTIMORE!



YES - I READ ABOUT THAT. THEY'VE DONE CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE, I UNDERSTAND — BOMBED A LOT OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, SHIP-YARDS, ARSENALS, ARMORIES, TRAINING CAMPS, AND THE LIKE. THEY SHOULD BE BUTCHERED, THE DIRTY RATS!

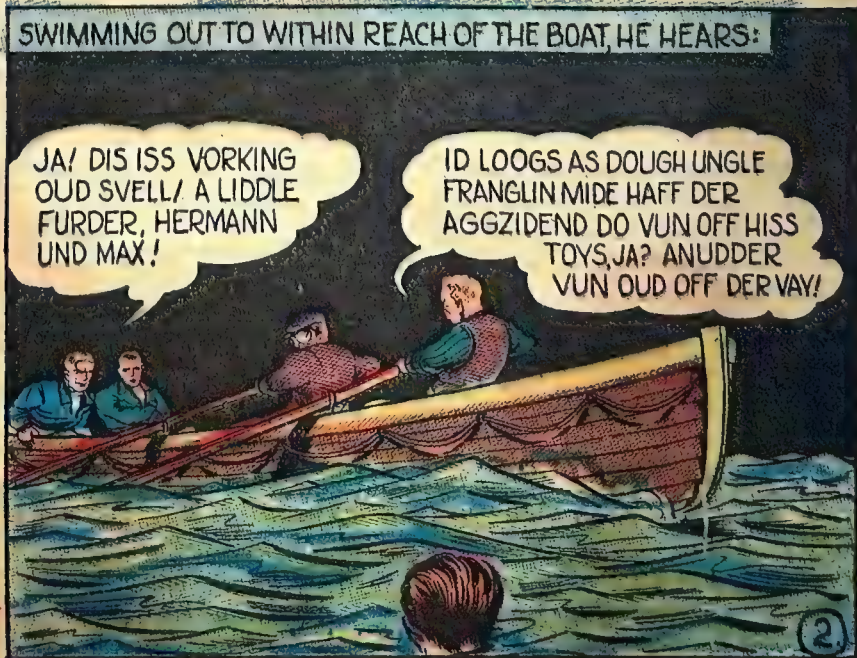
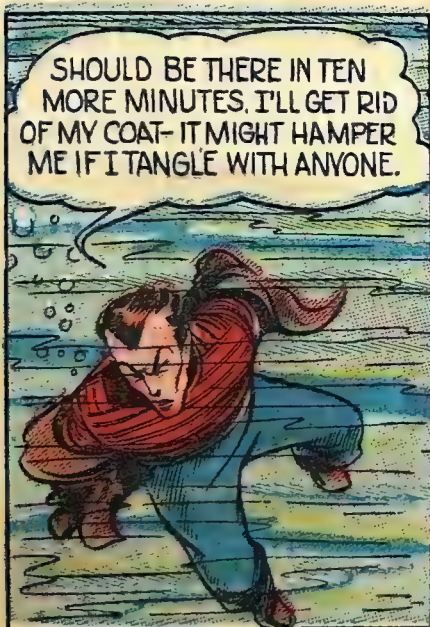


MEANWHILE, AT THE NAVAL BASE IN BALTIMORE.....

JUST WHERE DID THE LAST EXPLOSION OCCUR, LIEUTENANT?

DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM THE CHEMICAL WORKS, SIR - OVER THERE AT NO. 6 DRYDOCK!





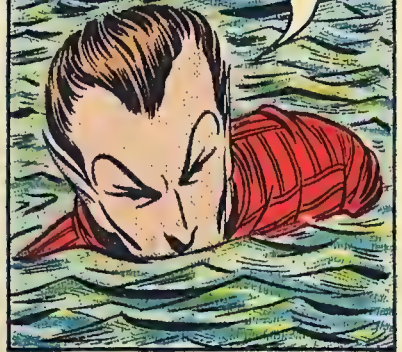
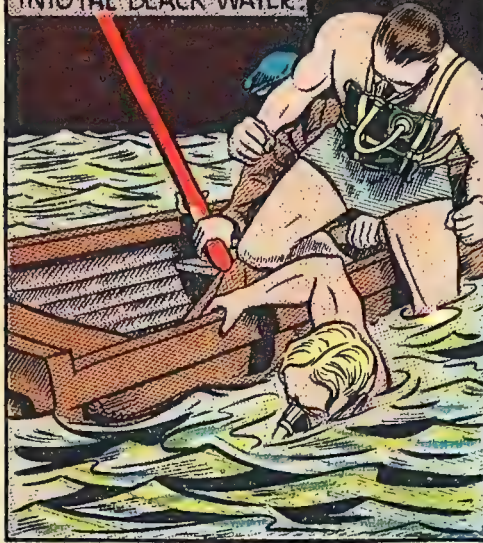
A MOMENT LATER THE TWO MEN IN THE STERN OF THE BOAT DOFF THEIR CLOTHES AND DON "ARTIFICIAL LUNGS".

ARE VE DERE, FRITZ?

JA! LED'S GO!

WHILE NAMOR LOOKS ON ASTONDED, THEY CLIMB OVER THE SIDE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACK WATER.

SO! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THEY MUST BE THE SUBMARINE'S CREW, RETURNING AFTER DOING THEIR DIRTY WORK ON SHORE! PRETTY CLEVER— LEAVING AND ENTERING THE SUBMERGED U-BOAT BY THE ESCAPE-HATCH!



As Namor watches, silently, the boat rows back to shore and picks up more passengers, who repeat the process— eight times, and sixteen men have sunk below the surface!

WASTING NO TIME, NAMOR RACES FOR THE DOCKS.



SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET INTO THE NAVY YARD, BUT ONCE I'M THERE, WHAT? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, I GUESS, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS ALL MEANS!



NAMOR'S WINGED FEET CARRY HIM LIGHTLY OVER THE HIGH CYCLONE FENCE SURROUNDING THE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.



ROUNDING THE CORNER OF A BUILDING, HE SEES TWO SENTRIES TAKING TIME OUT FOR A CIGARETTE.

MMMM! THIS MAY BE INTERESTING.



EAVESDROPPING, HE HEARS:

SO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE "ARMONK"?

NAW! THEY'RE LAUNCHING HER FROM NO. 8 DRYDOCK AT 2 P.M. TOMORROW— AND SHE'LL BE PLENTY WELL GUARDED! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

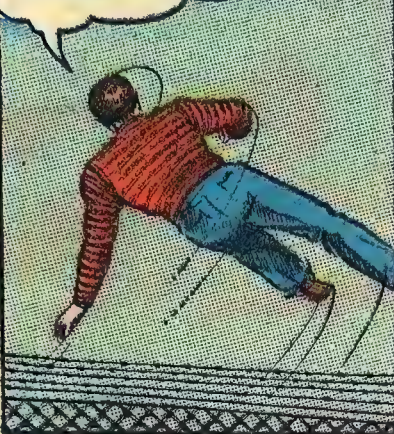


SO! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN, EH?
I'LL LAY TEN TO ONE THAT
SOMETHING DOES!



WASTING NO TIME NAMOR
LEAPS INTO THE BAY ONCE MORE—

THOSE MEN FROM THE U-BOAT
WEREN'T OUT SIGHT-SEEING
TONIGHT?

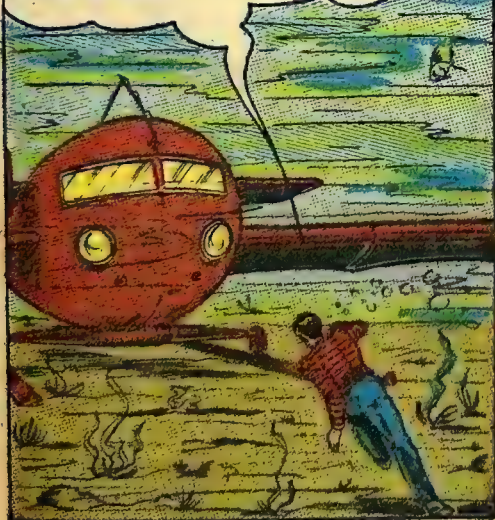


—AND SWIMS RAPIDLY TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.

AT ANY RATE, I SHAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES—
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



HOPE FOLMA'S GOT THE FLEET
ORGANIZED — CAN'T WASTE ANY
TIME AT ALL!



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUPER AERIAL-
SUBMARINES WINGS ITS WAY AT LIGHTNING SPEED OVER THE
SEA TO AMERICA.



AND AN HOUR OR SO LATER, A CHRISTENING IS IN FULL SWING AT THE NAVY DRYDOCKS IN BALTIMORE.

I HEREBY CHRISTEN THEE "ARMONK"!



WITH A GREAT ROAD AND RUMBLE THE HUGE BATTLESHIP COMMENCES TO SLIP DOWN THE WAYS, WHILE OVERHEAD...



NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS STOP DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SHIP.



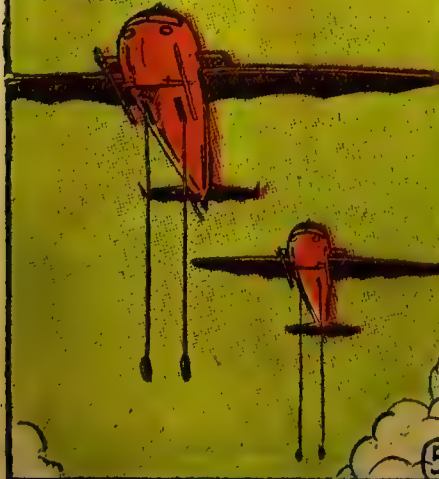
AND ON THE SHIP'S DECK...

COMMANDER! SOMETHING'S WRONG! **WE'RE SINKING!**

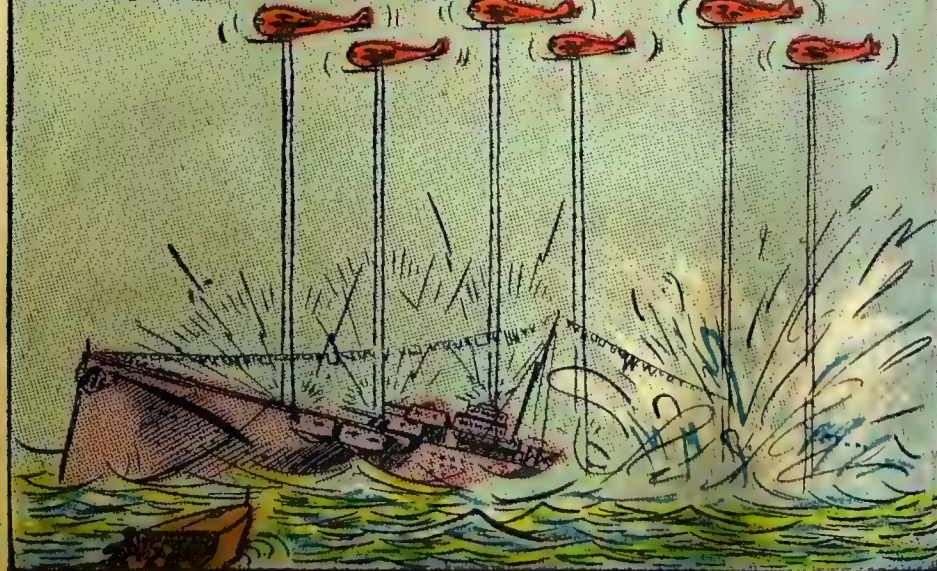


AS THE GREAT GREY HULL STRIKES THE WATER IT CONTINUES TO GO DOWN, SUBMERGING, NOT FLOATING AT ALL!

SUDDENLY, FROM NAMOR'S PLANES IN THE SKY, COME LONG STEEL CABLES, TWO FROM EACH PLANE, AND ALL SUPPORTING ODD METAL DISCS.



....WHICH PROVE TO BE MAGNETS, AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE SINKING HULL WITH A TERRIFIC CLANK!



AS THE ONLOOKERS WATCH, PUZZLED, NAMOR SHOUTS A COMMAND FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS FLAGSHIP....

ALL SET? **HAUL IN!!!**

THE CROWD UTTERS A SHARP GASP AS THE BATTLESHIP IS MIRACULOUSLY LIFTED FROM THE WATER!

JUMPIN' CATFISH! MIKE, DO YOU SEE THAT, OR AM I GOING NUTS?!!!

SLOWLY THE PLANES MOVE IN, TOWING THE SHIP UNDER THEM.

IT-IT AIN'T POSSIBLE! WH-WHAT IS IT?

A SECOND LATER NAMOR LEAPS DOWN FROM HIS PLANE...

PUT DOWN THOSE GUNS, FOOLS! NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU!!!

GET BACK, ALL OF YOU! KEEP CLEAR! THAT SHIP'S COMING BACK IN HERE! **SCRAM! BEAT IT!**

THE CROWD FALLS BACK, TOO ASTONDED TO RESIST, AND NAMOR TURNS TO SHOUT A COMMAND UP TO THE PLANES...

READY! **BRING 'ER IN!**

... THEN HE LEAPS INTO THE AIR AGAIN, TURNING ONLY TO TOSS A SMALL CAPSULE, CONTAINING A NOTE, DOWN AT THE OFFICIALS' ROSTRUM.

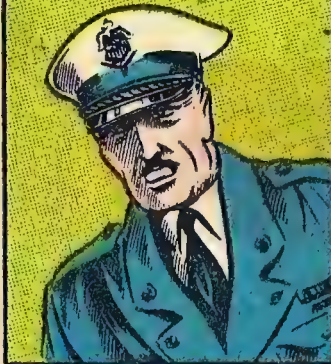
WITH A DULL THUD AND RASPING OF WOOD AGAINST STEEL, THE SHIP IS LOWERED ON TO THE WAYS....

AS NAMOR'S AERIAL SUBS RELEASE THEIR MAGNETS AND ROAR AWAY, AN OFFICER REACHES FOR THE CAPSULE.

THERE'S A NOTE HERE, CAPTAIN. SHALL I OPEN IT?



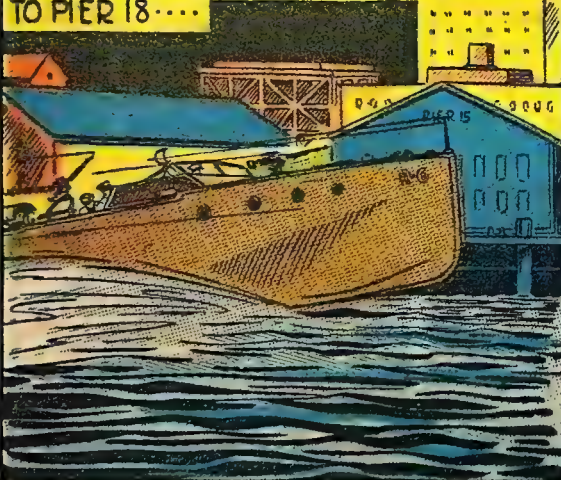
OF COURSE, FOOL! DID YOU THINK HE MEANT FOR US TO HANG IT ON JUNIOR'S CHRISTMAS TREE? READ IT!



I MIGHT HAVE WARNED YOU OF SABOTAGE - THAT THIS SHIP HAD BEEN DAMAGED - BUT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED ME. I KNOW WHERE THE SABOTEURS ARE LOCATED. IF YOU WILL HAVE THREE MEN MEET ME AT PIER 13 WITH A LIGHT TORPEDO-BOAT TONIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE ME, FOR IT WILL ONLY BRING DESTRUCTION TO YOU - I AM YOUR FRIEND - DO NOT ABUSE THIS FRIENDSHIP - I WARN YOU!

*C. Namor
The Sub-Mariner*

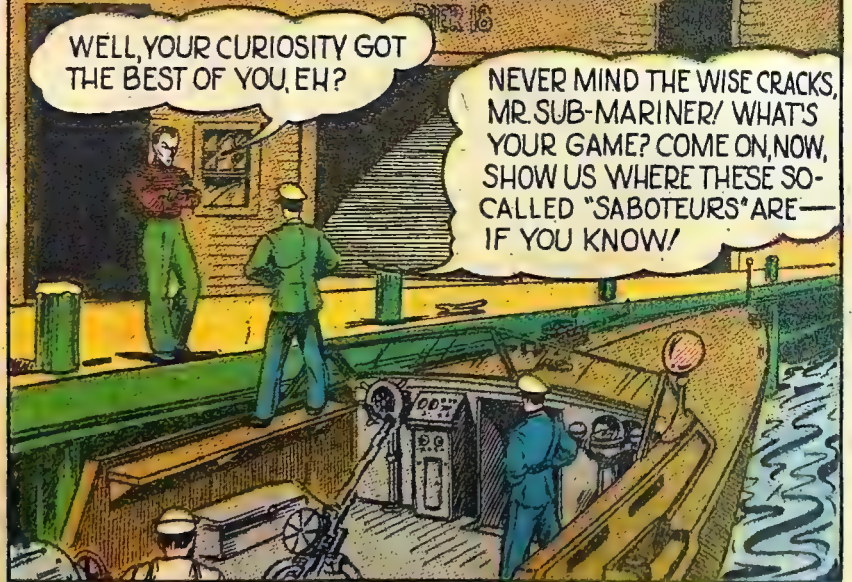
AFTER READING NAMOR'S MESSAGE, NAVY OFFICIALS DECIDE TO "PLAY BALL" WITH HIM. AT THE APPOINTED TIME, A SMALL FAST TORPEDO BOAT RACES ACROSS THE HARBOR TO PIER 18....



...AND AS NAMOR STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...

WELL, YOUR CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF YOU, EH?

NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, MR. SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S YOUR GAME? COME ON, NOW, SHOW US WHERE THESE SO-CALLED "SABOTEURS" ARE - IF YOU KNOW!



NAMOR LEAPS INTO THE BOAT AND DIRECTS THEM TO A SPOT ABOVE THE SUBMARINE.

ALL RIGHT, MISTER, IF YOU DOUBT ME, DIVE DOWN ABOUT THREE FATHOMS!



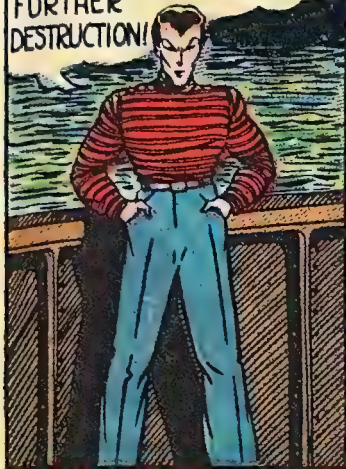
YOU'LL FIND A GERMAN U-BOAT THERE, OR I'LL EAT YOUR HAT! NOW I'VE SHOWN YOU, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? PROVIDING YOU BELIEVE ME, OF COURSE!



OKAY, SUPPOSING YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.... WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? I'VE GOT NO AUTHORITY TO SINK IT. WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH ANYBODY. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU—
YOU CAN EITHER SINK IT ON
YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY,
OR LET IT GO ON TO WREAK
FURTHER
DESTRUCTION!



LISTEN, MISTER, THIS ALL MAKES A VERY
INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE OF MELO-
DRAMA, BUT AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I
CAN'T SINK A FOREIGN SUBMARINE—
ESPECIALLY ONE WHICH I'M NOT SURE
EVEN *EXISTS!*

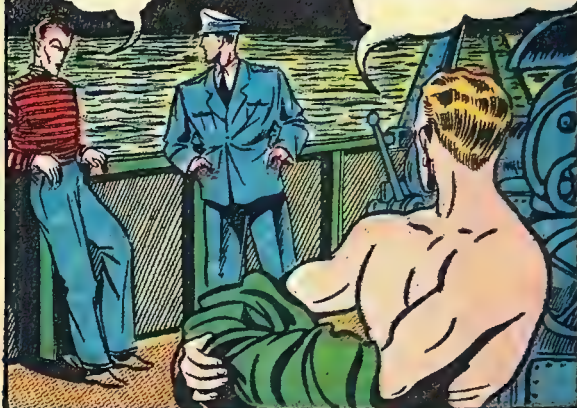
ALL RIGHT—WHY DON'T
YOU SEND ONE OF YOUR
MEN DOWN?



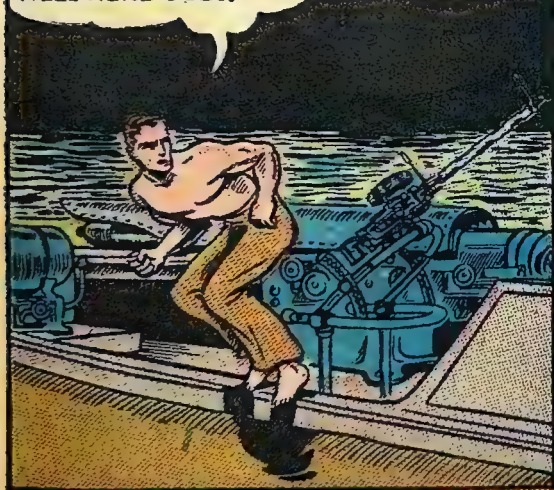
IT'S ONLY ABOUT
EIGHTEEN FEET
DOWN THERE—AND
NO ONE IN THE
SUB WOULD SEE
HIM.

WELL— I DON'T KNOW.
I SUPPOSE IT'S WORTH
A TRY.

I'LL GO, CAPTAIN—
I'M A FAIRLY
STRONG SWIMMER.



IF I DON'T COME UP IN THREE MINUTES
YOU'D BETTER SEND SOMEONE DOWN FOR
ME—I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THESE WATERS!
WELL—HERE GOES!

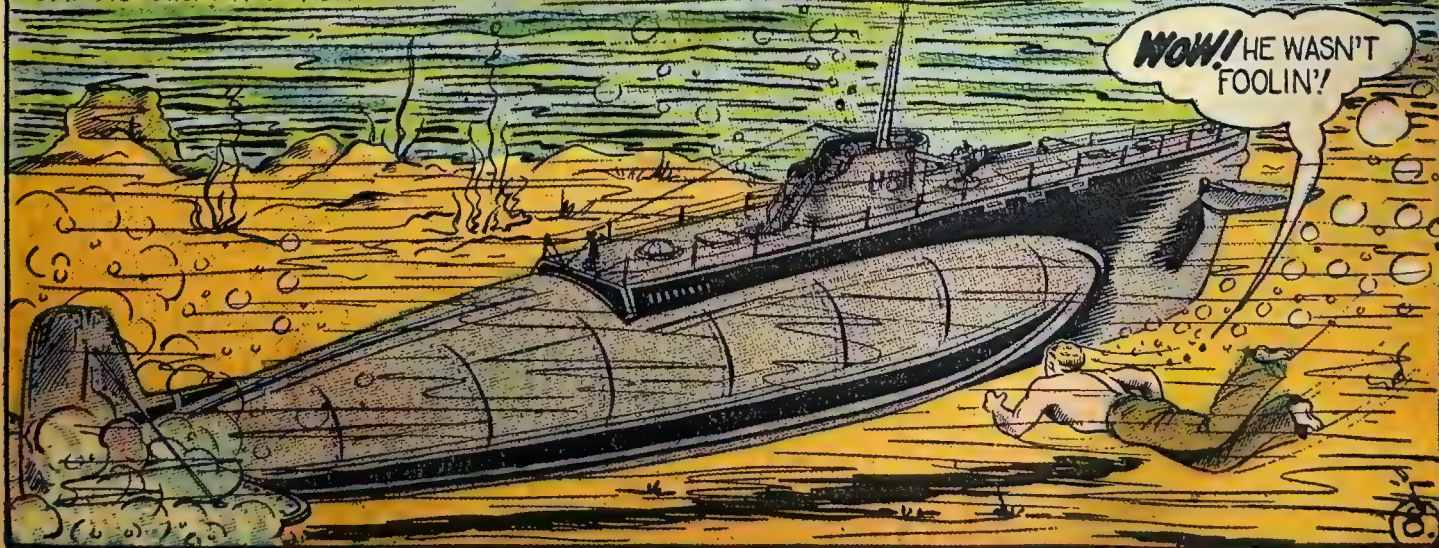


SWIFT AS AN ARROW THE SAILOR DARTS
DOWN INTO THE COLD WATER, SEEKING
THE SILENT PERIL.



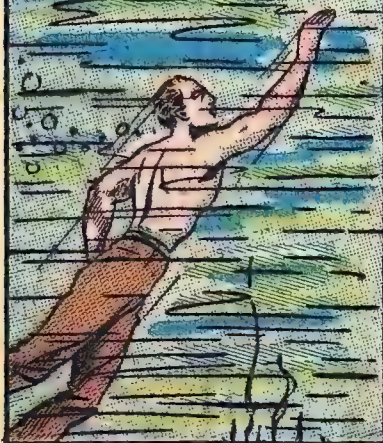
PRESSURE'S GETTING
HEAVY, BUT—I GUESS
I CAN MAKE IT!

AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT IT SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE HIM—A GREAT GREY SHADOW, TAKING FORM IN THE
GERMAN U-BOAT! HIS EARS ARE NEARLY SHATTERED AS THE HUGE PROPELLER BEGINS TO THRASH, AND THE
SEAS VIBRATE WITH CHURNING POWER!



WOW! HE WASN'T
FOOLIN'!

WASTING NOT ANOTHER SECOND,
THE SAILOR TURNS ABOUT AND
RACES BACK TO THE SURFACE...



HOLY SMOKE, CAPTAIN! HE WAS
RIGHT! THERE IS A U-BOAT
DOWN THERE! OR, RATHER, THERE
WAS. JUST AS I FOUND IT, THE MOTORS
STARTED, AND IT MOVED OFF!



THERE — YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? THE SUB-
MARINER DOESN'T ALWAYS TELL TALL TALES!
NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ARE
YOU GOING TO STOP IT, OR WILL YOU LET IT
GET AWAY FROM YOU?
— COME ON —
SPEAK UP, MAN!



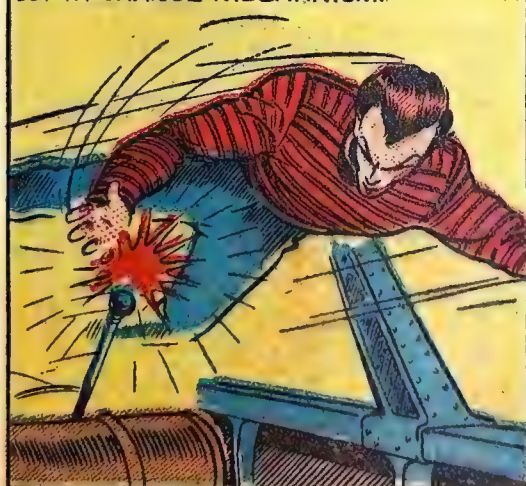
MMMMMM!!! GOSH I DON'T KNOW!
MY HANDS ARE TIED — I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING!



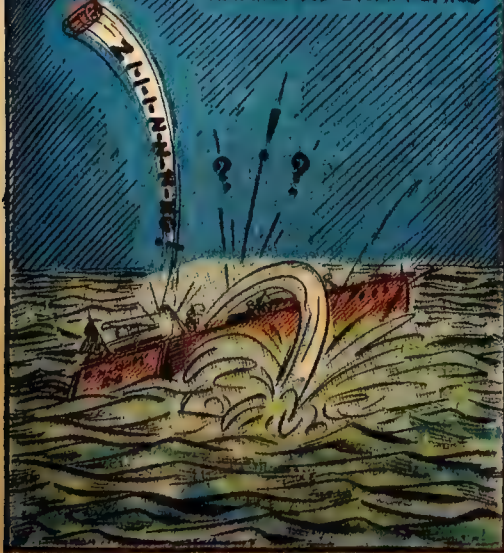
WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL
ABOUT IT, OKAY! I ONLY TRIED TO
HELP YOU AND YOUR FOOL NATION,
BUT IF THIS IS ALL IT MEANS TO
YOU — WELL — I'LL BE SEEN' YA!



AS NAMOR LEAPS ACROSS THE STERN OF
THE TORPEDO-BOAT, HE REACHES OUT
AND SLAMS THE TRIGGER-LEVER OF THE
DEPTH-CHARGE MECHANISM!



WITH A CRACK AND A WHINE THE 'ASH-CAN'
SCARS INTO THE AIR.... NAMOR HITS THE
WATER AND DISAPPEARS



FORMING AN ARC, THE DEADLY
CYLINDER DIVES DOWN,
SMASHING THE WATER'S SURFACE



— AND SUDDENLY NAMOR'S HEAD
POPS UP.....

AHOY THERE!
GET UNDER WEIGH-
FAST!!!



HEEDING NAMOR'S TIMELY WARNING, THE PILOT JAMS THE THROTTLE, AND THE TORPEDO-BOAT LEAPS AWAY!



HALF A MOMENT LATER, THE DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLODES!



SOARING HIGH IN THE AIR TO AVOID THE DETONATION, NAMOR LOOKS DOWN ON THE CHURNING MUDDY RING OF WATER.....

LUCKY SHOT! MUST HAVE HIT DIRECTLY 'MIDSHIPS!



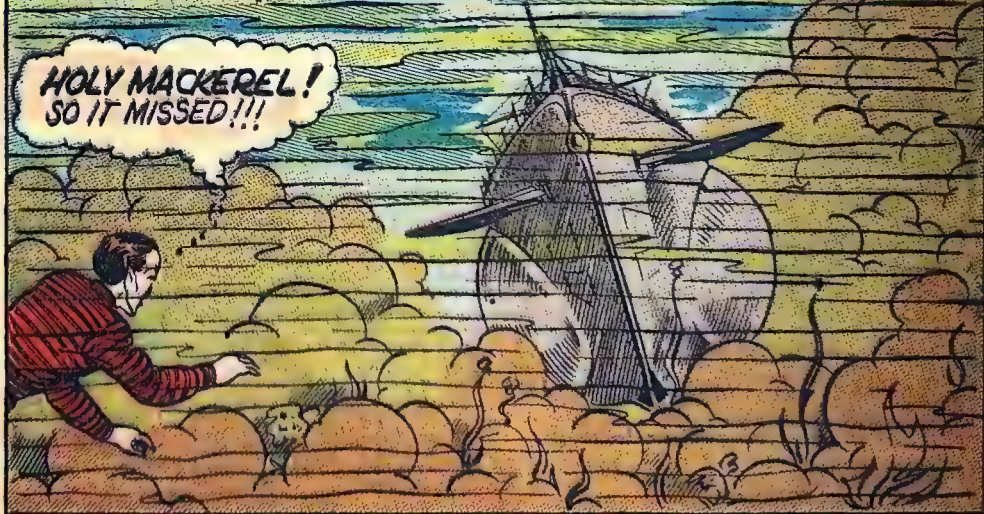
....THEN DIVES DOWN TO INVESTIGATE THE DAMAGE

BETTER MAKE SURE SHE'S FINISHED -



.... BUT TO HIS SURPRISE HE FINDS THE U-BOAT ONLY SLIGHTLY IMPAIRED, AND STILL UNDER POWER, PLOWING THROUGH CLOUDS OF MUD DISTURBED BY THE EXPLOSION!

HOLY MACKEREL! SO IT MISSED!!!



THAT'S NOT SO GOOD - YET - ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL. THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THESE RATS - THEY SHOULD BE BROUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, GIVEN A TRIAL, AND HUNG IN A PUBLIC SQUARE!!!



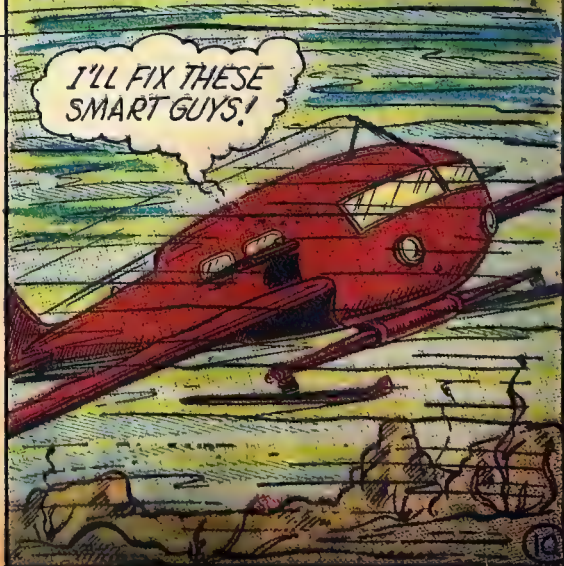
WHEELING ABOUT SUDDENLY, HE RACES TO HIS AERIAL-SUB

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



....AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IS CLEAVING THE WATER AT 100-MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED!

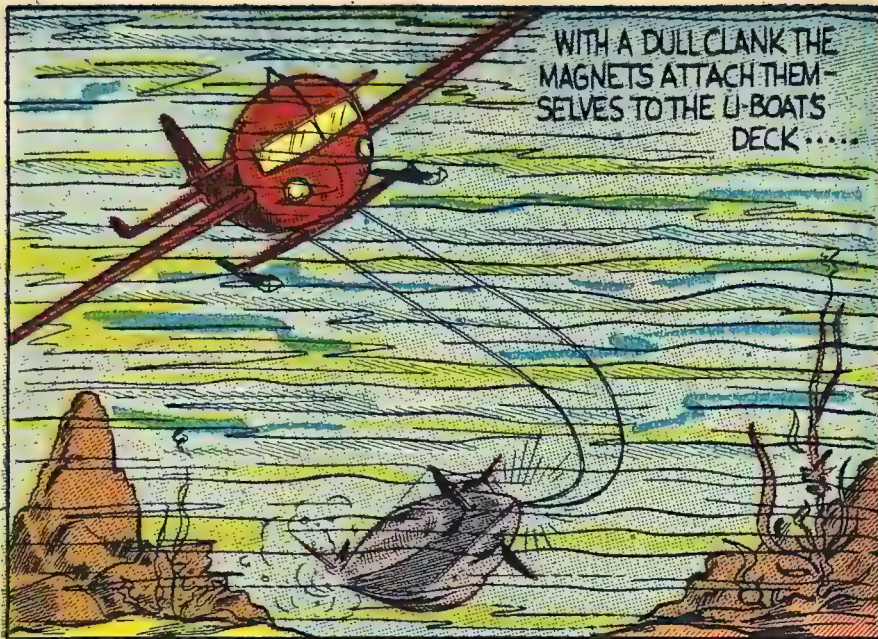
I'LL FIX THESE SMART GUYS!



IN A FLASH HE DARTS OVER THE ESCAPING SUBMARINE, THE TWO LONG CABLES OF THE GRAPPLING MAGNETS TRAILING LOOSELY.....

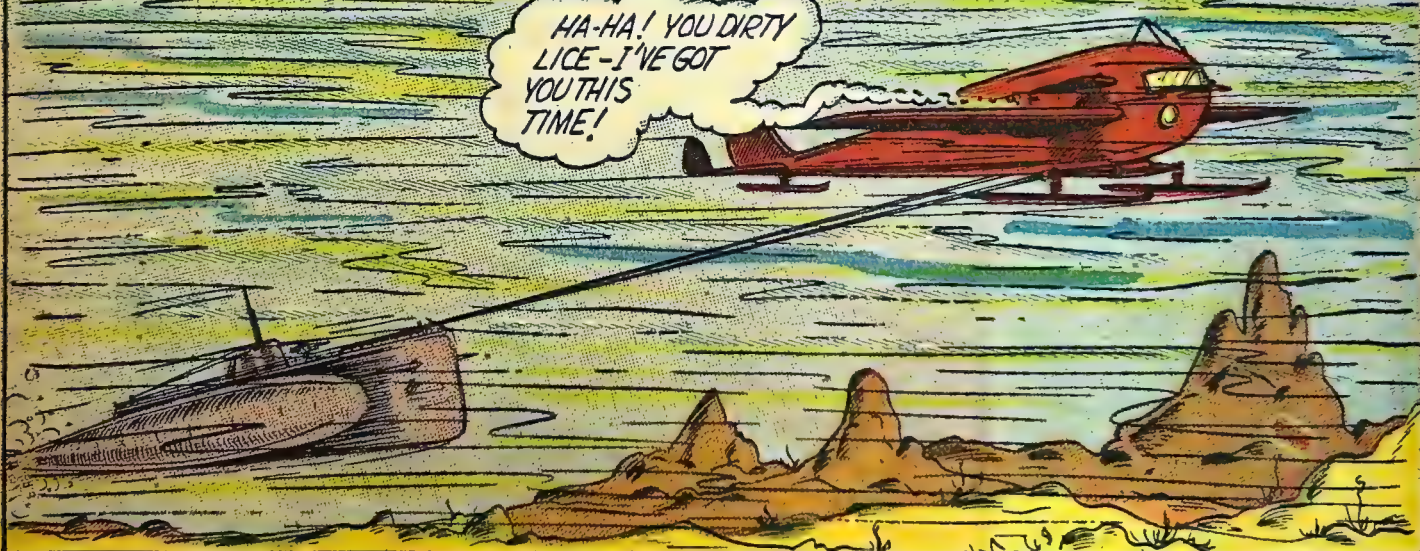


WITH A DULL CLANK THE MAGNETS ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE U-BOAT'S DECK.....



AND NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUB ROARS ON, TOWING ITS CAPTIVE BEHIND !!!

HA-HA! YOU DIRTY LICE-I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!



INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, ALL IS CONFUSION.....

DONNERWETTER! ID LOOGS LIGE VUN OFF DER ZUB-MARINER'S PLANES! HE'S GOD US HOOGED MITT ZUM GIND OFF GRABBLING-HOOGS, OR ZUMDING!



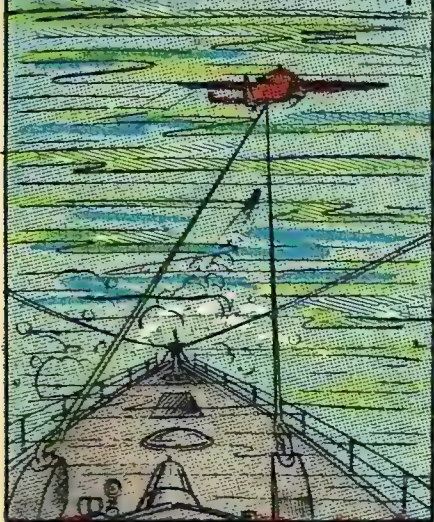
QVICK, MEN! TO DER TORPEDO-ROOM! IF HE ISS IN FRONT OFF US VE CAN HIT HIM MITT DER TORPEDOES! ALTOGEDDER, NOW - LED'S GO!



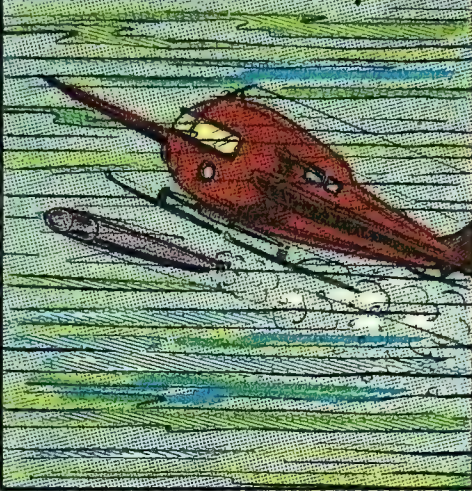
MADLY THE CREW RUSHES TO SLAM A TORPEDO INTO ITS TUBE - A MOMENT LATER.....



A MUFFLED CLICK, A GREAT HISS,
AND THE DEADLY MISSILE IS SHOT
FROM THE SUBMARINE'S NOSE!

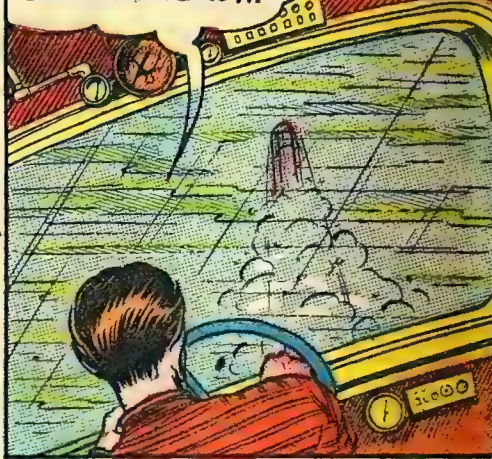


UNAWARE OF THIS UNEXPECTED DANGER,
NAMOR BANKS THE AERIAL-SUB TO
CHANGE HIS COURSE, AND — THE
TORPEDO MISSES BY INCHES!



THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD NAMOR CATCHES
A GLIMPSE OF THE SLENDER TUBE

WHY — THE DIRTY
BACK-STABBERS!!!

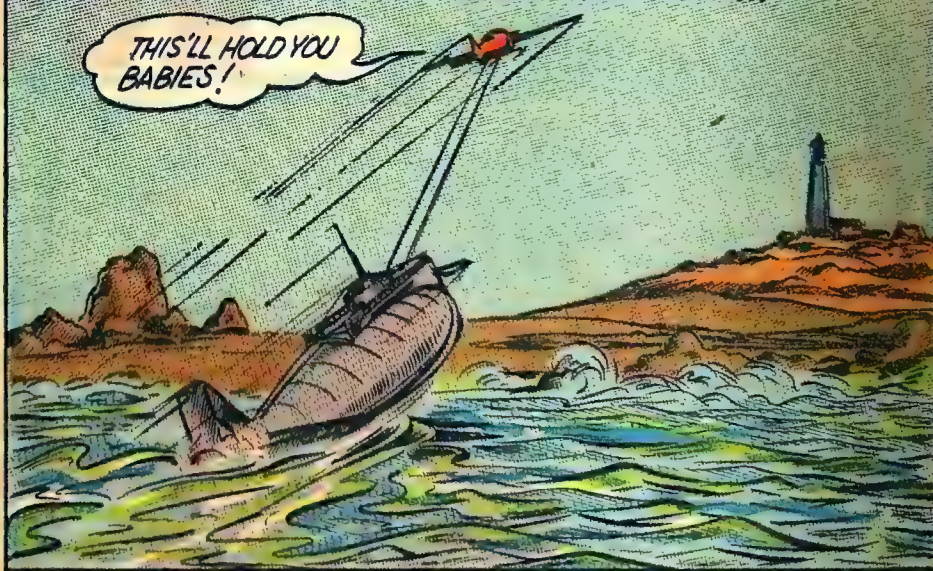


REALIZING THAT MORE TORPEDOES MAY
FOLLOW, NAMOR QUICKLY NOSES HIS
PLANE TO THE SURFACE, AND



SPOTTING LAND, SPEEDS TOWARD IT — BEACHING THE U-BOAT!!!

THIS'LL HOLD YOU
BABIES!



THE SHOCK OF THE IMPACT
LOOSENS THE MAGNETS,
AND NAMOR ROARS
AWAY, LEAVING THE
SUBMARINE
STRANDED!



TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A STORE IN A
LITTLE TOWN ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY—

HELLO — COAST GUARD? YOU'LL FIND
THE CREW OF A NAZI U-BOAT STRANDED
ON A SHOAL ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM
CAPE MAY, WITH THEIR CRAFT BEACHED
THERE — IF YOU HURRY!



LEAVING A PERPLEXED STOREKEEPER,
AND A BEWILDERED COAST-GUARD,
NAMOR RUSHES BACK TO HIS PLANE,
AND SOARS ON TO NEW ADVENTURES
IN FURTHER ISSUES OF MARVEL
COMICS!



The Story of the Human Torch!



CARL BURGOS'

HOT IDEA

CARL BURGOS was sitting half way between his drawing board and his typewriter when we barged into his compact little studio. "How's about an interview, Carl?" we asked.

"Fire away!"

We learned that he was born in New York City, in uptown Manhattan, about two dozen years ago. He told us that he had gone to school there and had held every job he ever had in that city.

We queried him on the HUMAN TORCH.

"You'd be surprised how I happened upon the HUMAN TORCH," he said.

"I was on the Fourth of July last year, a beastly hot day. The heat moved across my drawing board in heavy waves, so thick I could feel it. To make matters worse, I had just had a hot discussion with my publisher. He wanted a new character, something brand new, an angle that had never been done before.

"I was all hot and bothered. I racked my brain until my head began to swim. At my wit's end, I decided to lie down for a while and try to cool off.

"I lay there for about fifteen minutes, like a man sick with jungle fever, my pulse pounding. The room seemed to take on a red glow.

"Suddenly into the room stormed my publisher, demanding to know where the new character was. In a daze I told him to go to the Devil, that gentleman being rather on my mind. I hoped that he would go away, but he didn't. His fuming only added to the rapidly mounting heat of the room.

"He called to my attention the fact that I was letting down my public. As he spoke the room seemed to fill with boys and girls, all shouting hotly that they wanted a new character. Screaming with this artificial fever, I told them all to go to the Devil! At this they rushed in and grabbed me, and I fainted.

"When I awoke, I was lying on a bed of red hot coals. I figured that it must be the large furnace of the building. I was terrified for an instant, until I realized that I could stand the heat. I was burning.

"Outside the door of the furnace I could hear the laughter of my publisher and the children, but it was rapidly fading for the roar of the fire was filling my ears. A hot draft fanned the flames and I could feel myself being drawn up into the chimney. I seemed to float, my body was lighter than the air, and for a horrible minute I found myself hurtling up through the sooty brick chimney.

"LIKE any other skyrocket, I shot to a great height in a blazing arc. I was relieved to find that I was gradually drifting back to earth.

"I finally alighted on the roof of an office building, and I quickly ran to cover as my blazing feet were leaving smoking prints on the tar roof. In the building I heaved a sigh of relief, for I recognized it as the place where my publisher had his office. I believed that if he could do this to me, he should know how to make me normal again. I went to his office, being careful to walk only on the tile flooring.

"I pushed open the frosted glass door and stood face to face with him. The red glow from my body lighted up his face. His astonishment turned to delight and he called the members of his staff. As they all crowded around him he cried, pointing to me, 'There's our new character, a HUMAN TORCH!'

"Burned up, I rushed at him, but stumbled. Then the scene faded.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the floor of my studio, feeling much better than before it all happened."

"But Carl," we smiled, "you tell it as if it had really happened."

He looked us squarely in the eyes. "You may not believe me, but my publisher was not a bit surprised when I showed him my new feature—the HUMAN TORCH. He acted as if he had known it all the time!"

We left shortly after that, closing the door quietly behind us.

END

Bill Everett's

HURRICANE



The Story of THE SUB-MARINER!

IT was raining pretty hard when we reached Bill Everett's apartment-studio, a dramatic background for the story we hoped to get.

"Hello, Bill," we smiled, "mind if we annoy you for a while?"

"Come on in," Bill said beaming. "I was hoping someone would drop in on me tonight."

True to style, he made us feel right at home. "We've come to ask you to tell us something about yourself, and how you started to write about the SUB-MARINER. Do you mind?"

"Well," Bill said, "I was born in Newton, Massachusetts, and I'm still young enough to be in that first draft—if and when. When I was very young my folks went out to Arizona. We stayed there until after I finished high school.

"But, my folks decided to go back to Massachusetts, and I decided to go back to school. I went to the Vesper George Art School where I made up my mind that I would make art a career.

"While I was studying, I worked in a large advertising agency, but I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to do newspaper work, so I landed a job on the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, after doing a turn on the art staff of the BOSTON TRAVELER. Later I was the art director of a national magazine, but there my flare for cartooning was somewhat stifled, so I free-lanced around until I broke into this field, as the Art Editor of Funnies, Inc., the outfit that creates the features that appear in MARVEL COMICS."

"But, Bill," we asked, "where did you pick up the idea for the SUB-MARINER?"

...
"THAT'S another story. You see, when we returned to the east coast, I found just as much adventure as I did in the west. What I mean is, I got myself a job on a seagoing tramp that went from Maine to Florida.

"On one run, when we were still a day out of Florida, one of those native Floridian hurricanes hit us broadsides. It shook that old tub like it was a toy. I happened to be at the wheel, and the full force of the storm spun it like a top. One of the bigger men took over for the minute, for there was another job to be done. The wireless antenna had been blown down, and it meant a climb up the slippery rope stays to the top of the mast. I was elected.

"I climbed into my oilskins and started up. The wind cut my face and hands, and I had all I could do to hold on. The rigging was wet and slippery. My job was to carry that loose wire up and tie it back to the mast. Well, I finally reached the top, and stood upright on the cross-trees. The wind lashed my oils and they cracked like thunder. Suddenly, after I had done my job, I felt myself being swept off my perch into thin air!

"I grabbed, and luckily caught the end of a rope. I swung there, half dazed for a moment, only to realize that my hand was slowly slipping off the wet hemp. Below I could see the washed deck glaring up at me. The cold wind had numbed my spirit, and a strange feeling came over me, I felt I was not alone.

"Something seemed to take hold of me and lift me, bodily, back onto the crosstrees. I lay there for a moment, and when I finally got a grip on myself, I looked up to see who, or what, had helped me.

"THERE WAS NO ONE THERE!"

WE couldn't help but notice the sincere look in Bill's eyes as he spoke. "Whew, that was a corker, Bill. But, where does the SUB-MARINER come in?"

He smiled that slow smile of his and said, "Who knows? To me it was HE who helped me that night.

"For the duration of that trip I was constantly reminded of Coleridge's ANCIENT MARINER, the poem that tells about the supernatural powers of the sea. I suppose that had some bearing on my title, SUB-MARINER.

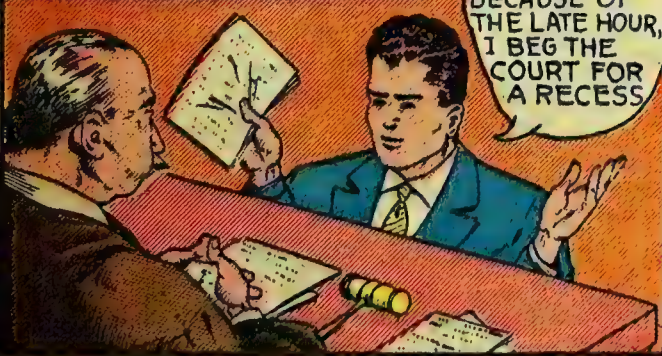
"To me, I owe my life to that something—whether wind, a strong subconscious motion, or a supernatural being. But I shall always think of it as my friend . . . THE SUB-MARINER."

END



THE FALCON-ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY BY DAY, DREADED NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD BY NIGHT-HURLS THE FULL FORCE OF HIS WRATH AGAINST-A GANG OF MERCILESS KIDNAPPERS.

CARL BURGESS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, NEARS THE END OF HIS CASE AGAINST BIG JIM PETERSON, POLITICAL BOSS.



BECAUSE OF THE LATE HOUR, I BEG THE COURT FOR A RECESS

THERE ARE NO OBJECTIONS. SO, MR. BURGESS, PERMISSION IS GRANTED. COURT IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING.



OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM.

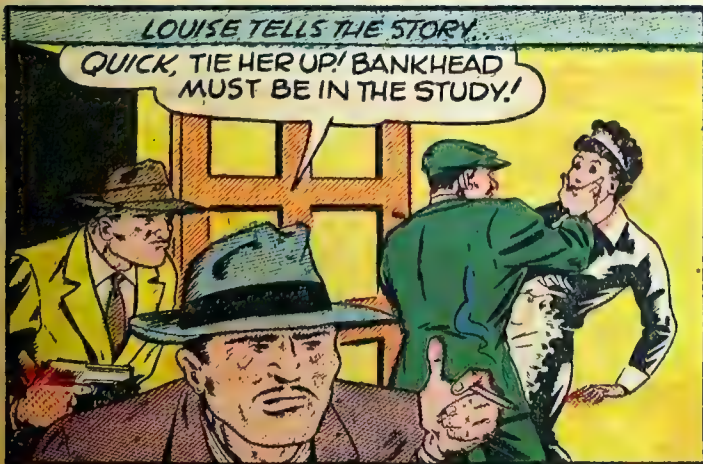
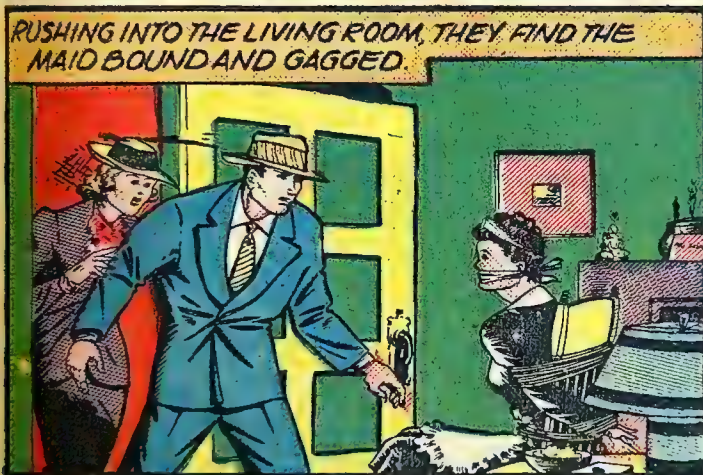
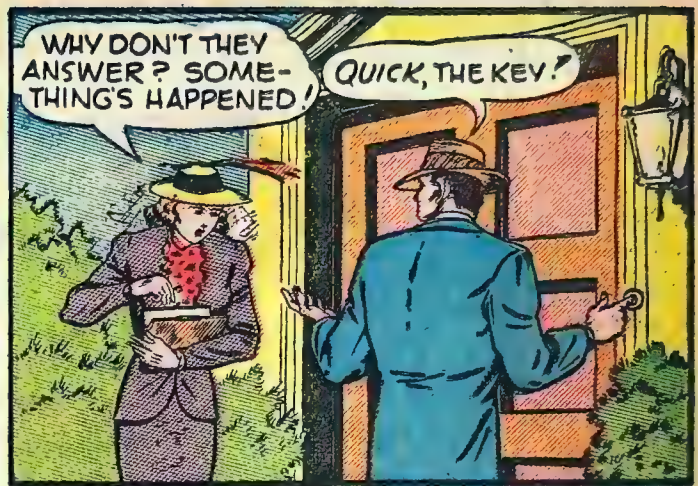
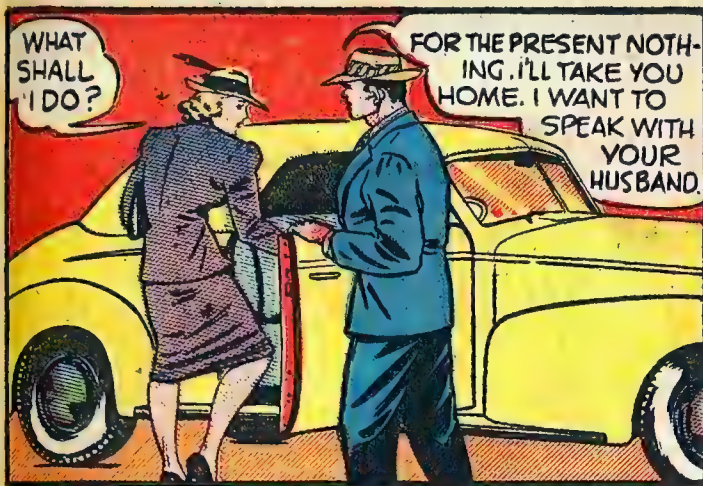


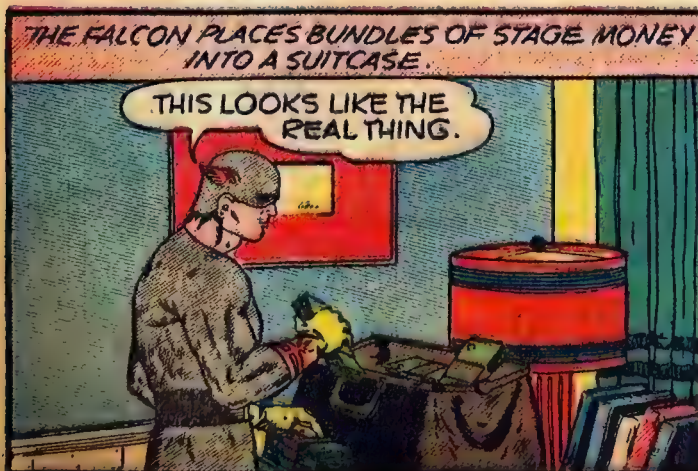
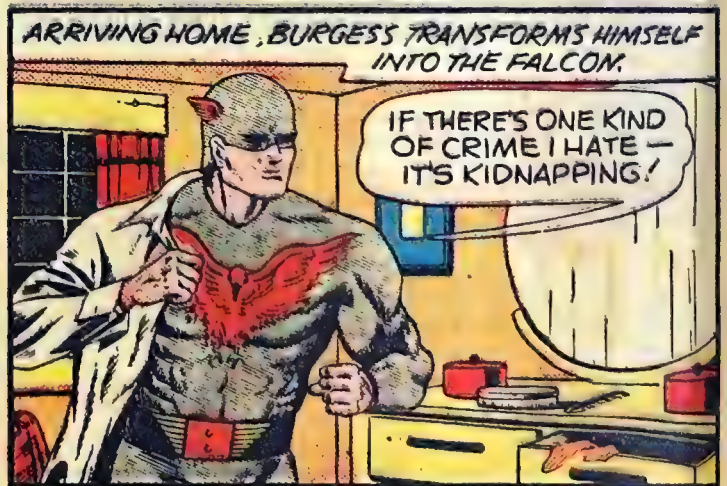
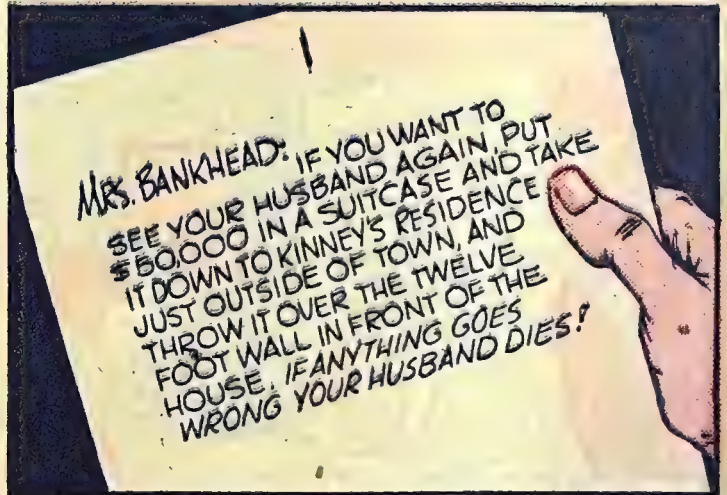
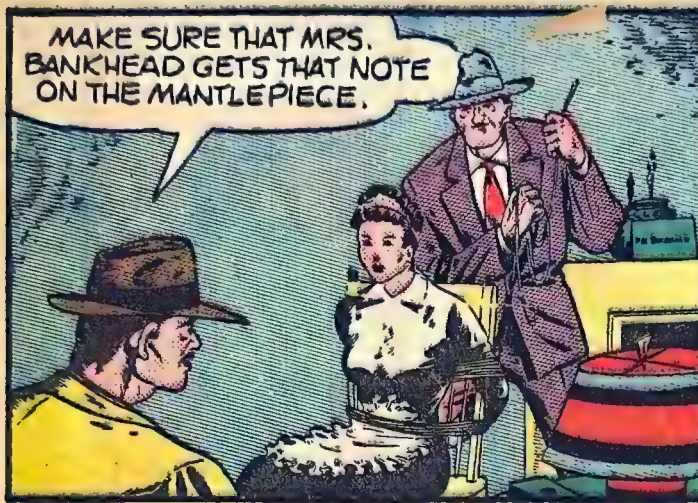
WHY, MRS. BANKHEAD! WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, MR. BURGESS! HELP ME!



MY HUSBAND HAS RECEIVED AN EXTORTION NOTE DEMANDING \$50,000! I'M AFRAID IF WE DON'T PAY, THEY WILL KILL HIM! AND WE CAN'T POSSIBLY RAISE THAT MUCH MONEY!





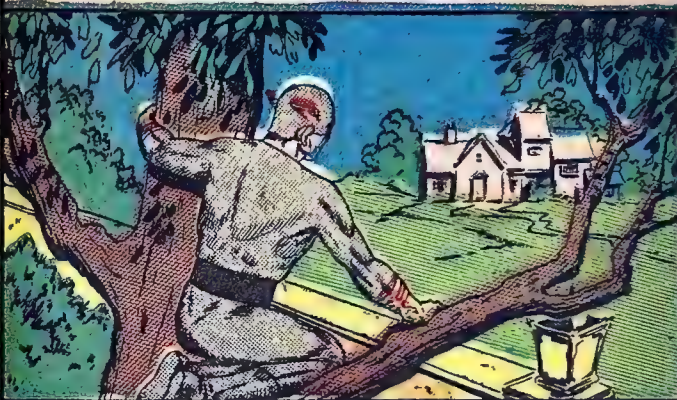
THAT NIGHT—IN FRONT
OF THE KINNEY
RESIDENCE.



OVER YOU
GO.



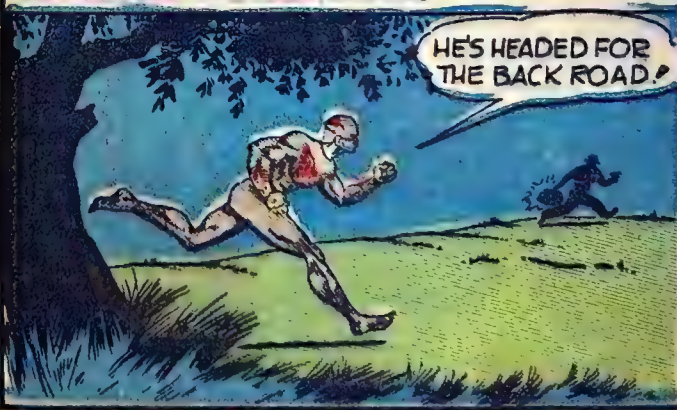
AFTER A LONG WAIT THE FALCON SEES THE
SUITCASE PICKED UP.



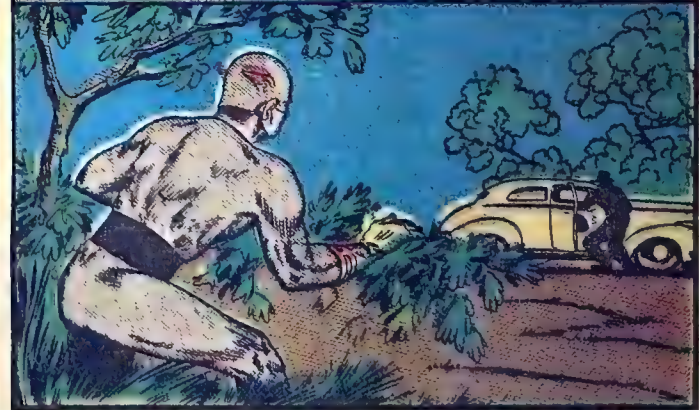
A SHORT WHILE
LATER —



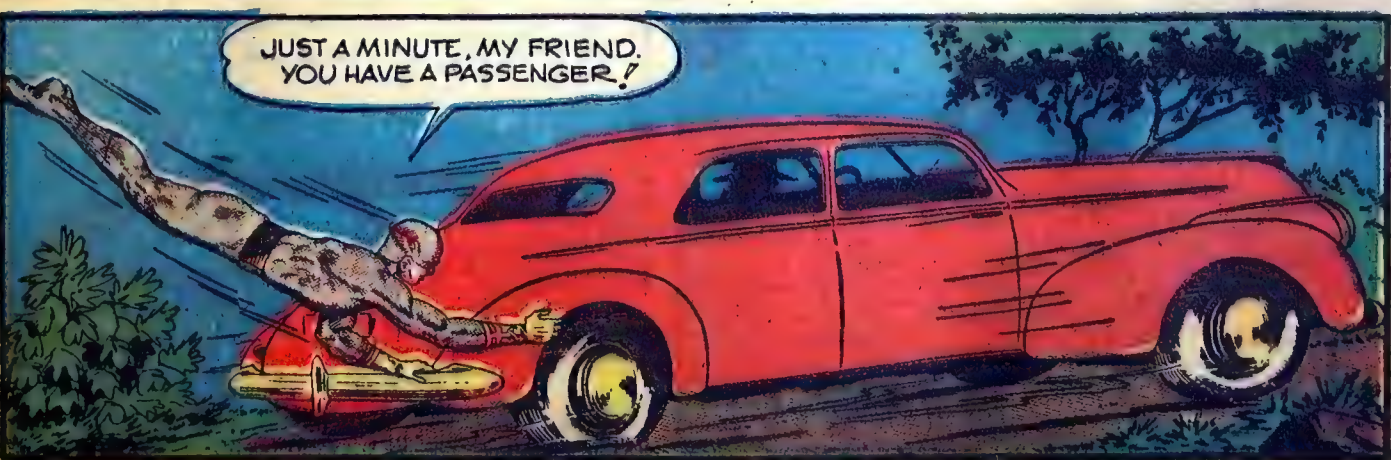
THE LUMINOUS PAINT ENABLES THE FALCON
TO FOLLOW THE KIDNAPPER.



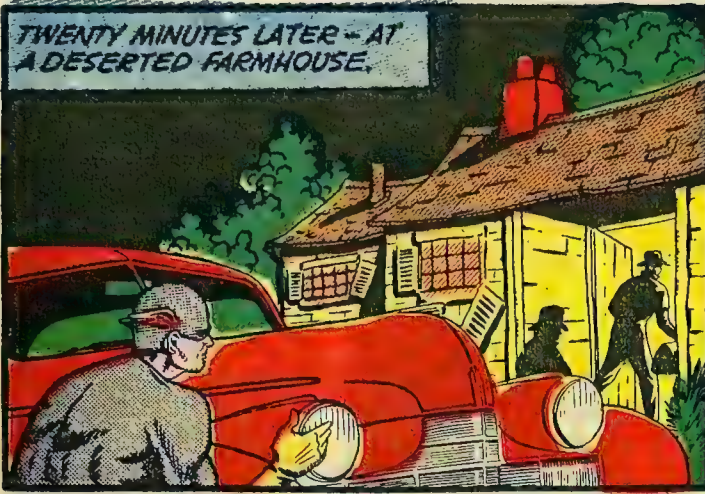
THE KIDNAPPER ENTERS A CAR WAITING ON
A DESERTED ROAD.



JUST A MINUTE, MY FRIEND.
YOU HAVE A PASSENGER.?

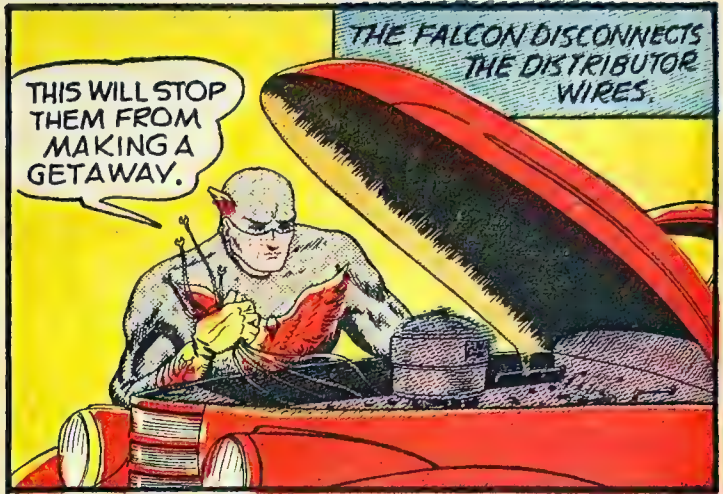


TWENTY MINUTES LATER - AT
A DESERTED FARMHOUSE.



THE FALCON DISCONNECTS
THE DISTRIBUTOR
WIRES.

THIS WILL STOP
THEM FROM
MAKING A
GETAWAY.

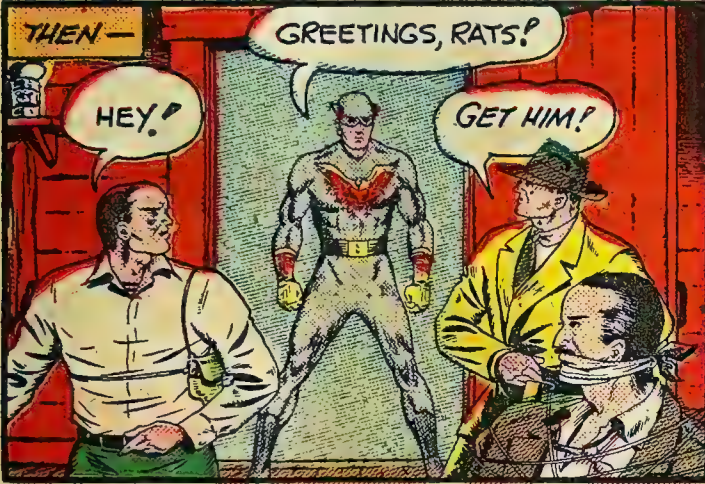


THEN -

GREETINGS, RATS?

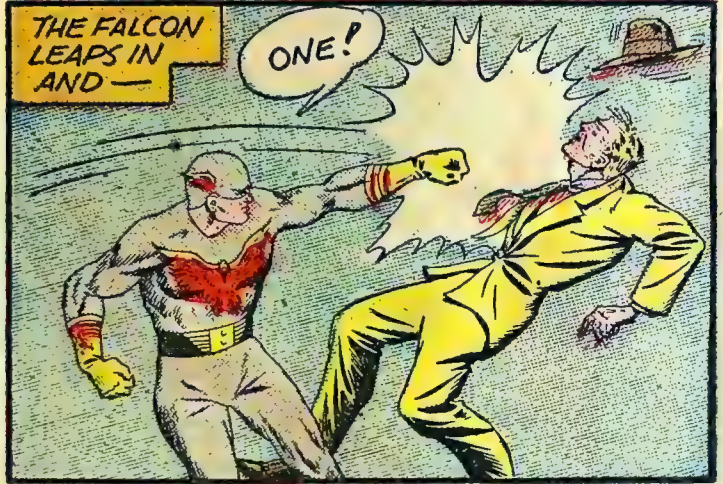
HEY!

GET HIM!



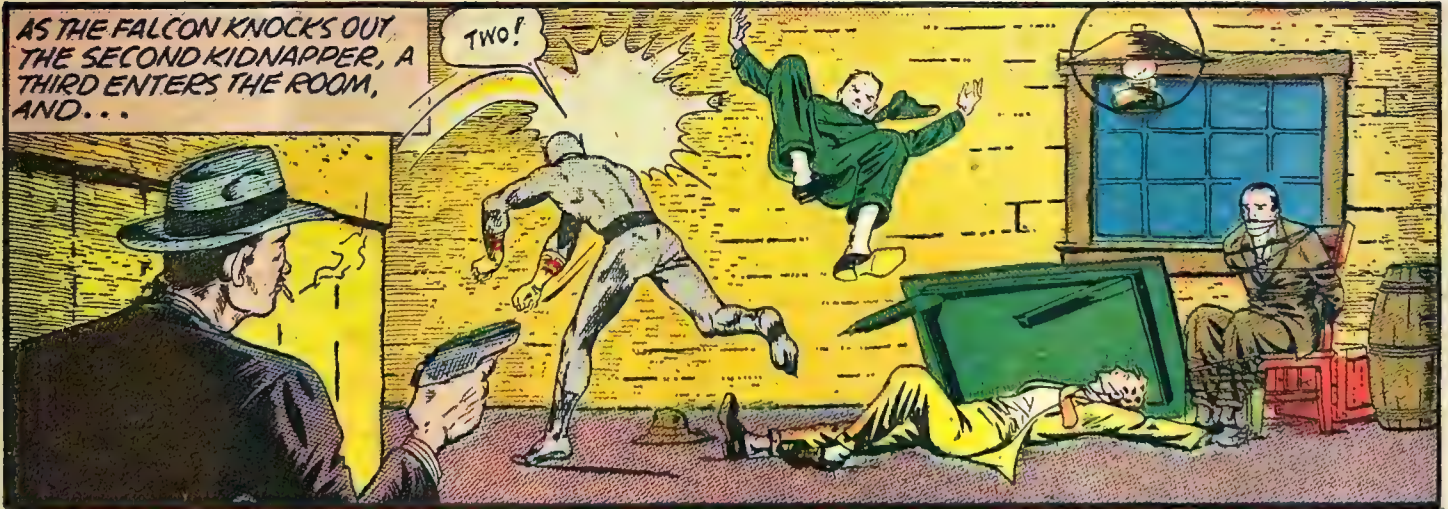
THE FALCON
LEAPS IN
AND -

ONE!



AS THE FALCON KNOCKS OUT
THE SECOND KIDNAPPER, A
THIRD ENTERS THE ROOM,
AND...

TWO!

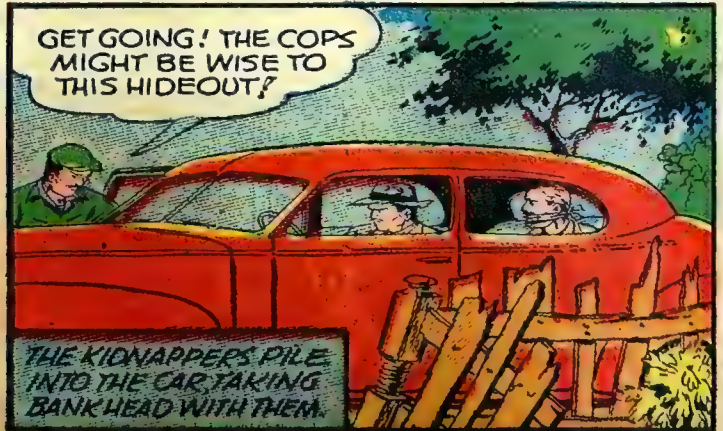


CREASED BY THE BULLET,
THE FALCON FALLS.

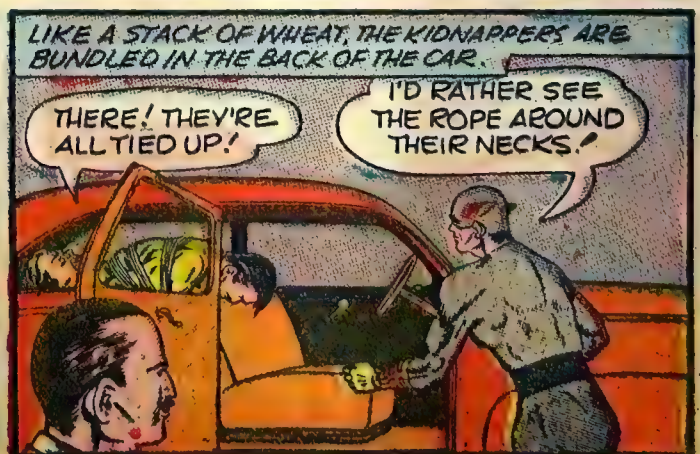
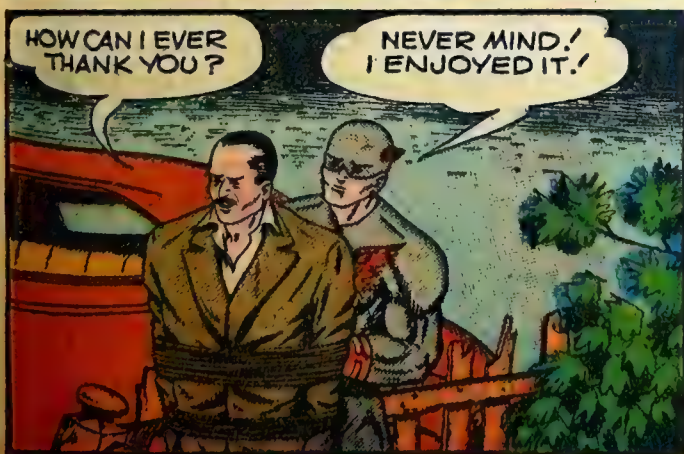
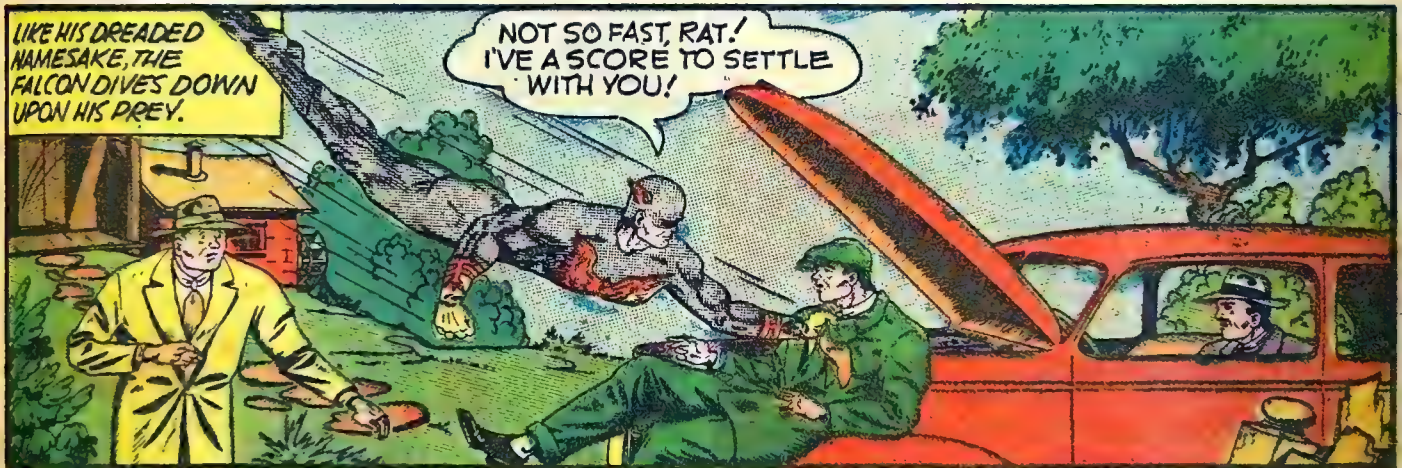
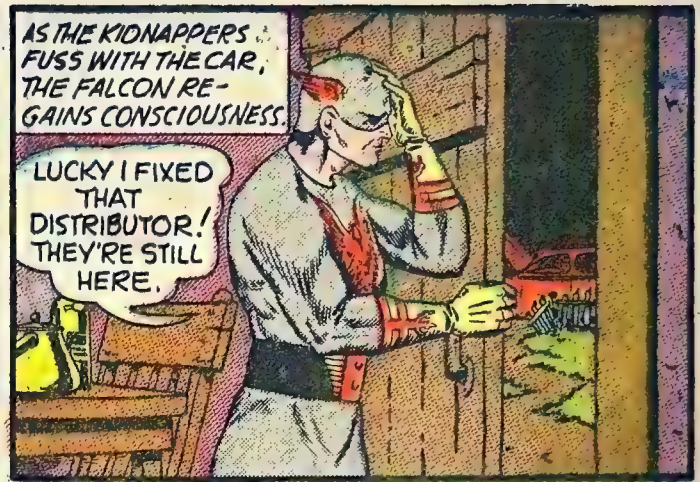
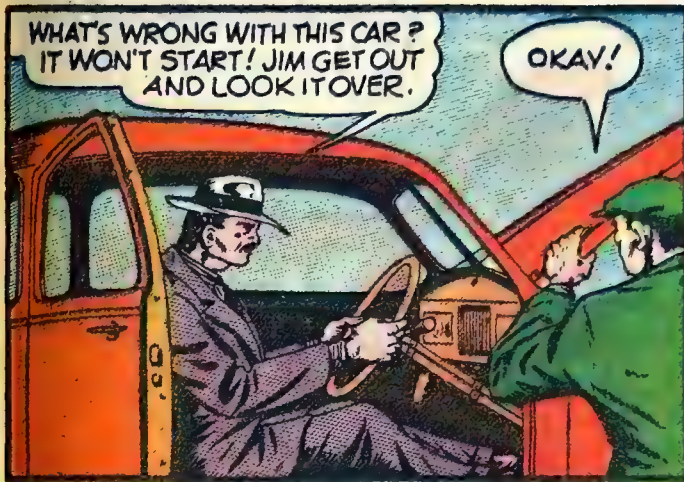
TAKE THAT,
WISE GUY!

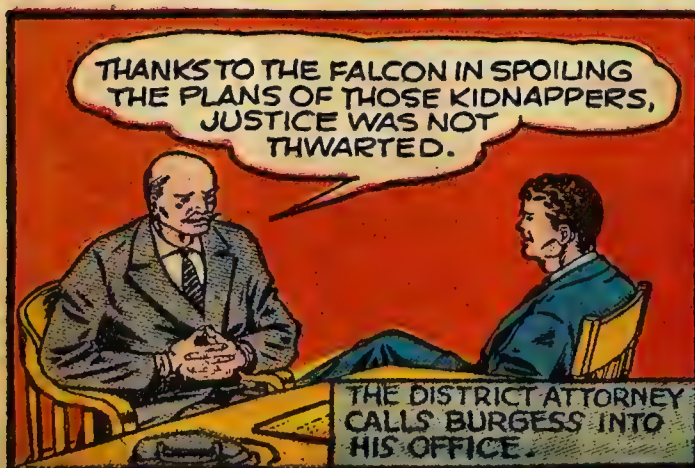
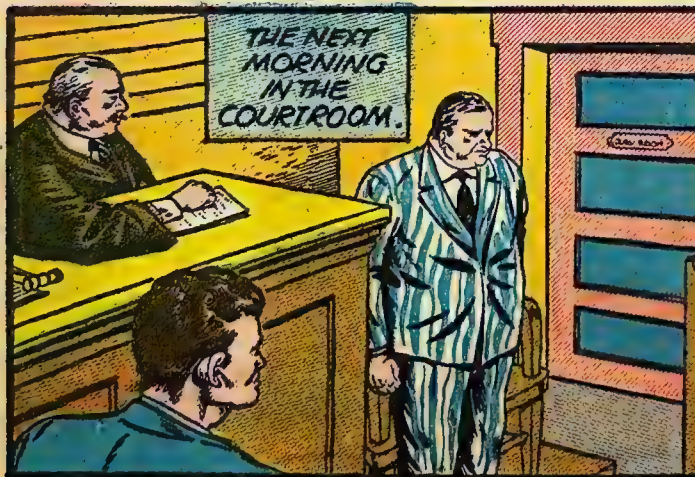
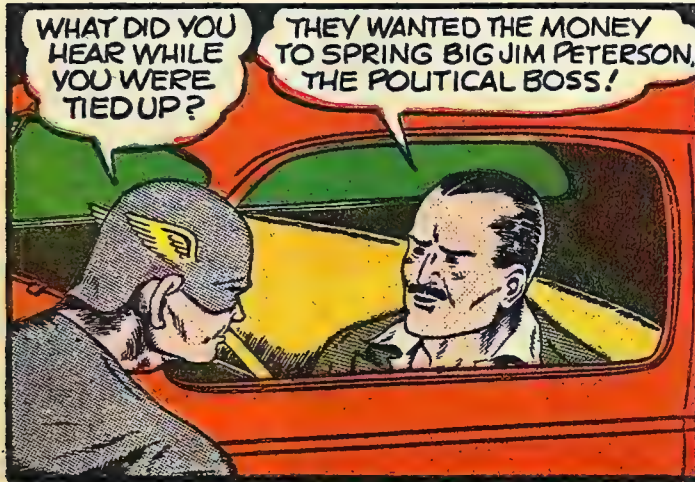
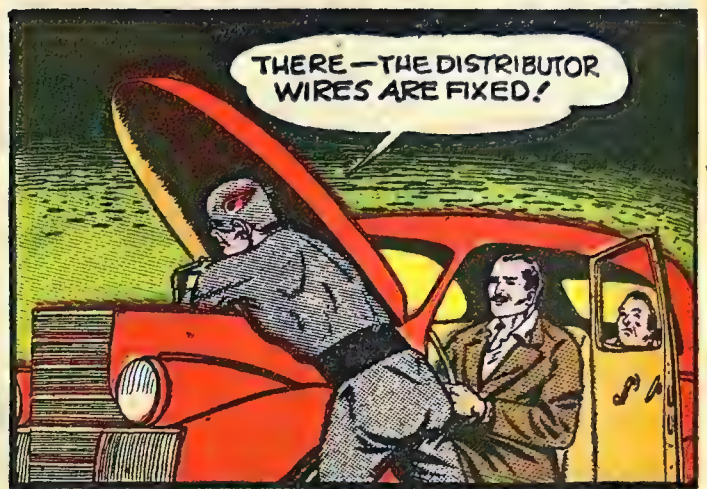


GET GOING! THE COPS
MIGHT BE WISE TO
THIS HIDEOUT?



THE KIDNAPPERS PILE
INTO THE CAR TAKING
BANK HEAD WITH THEM.





MICROMAN

By HAROLD DELAY
and PAUL QUINN

THE OLD CHEMIST HAD A SECRET POTION, AND JIMMY EVERETT TASTED IT. WHAT HAPPENED MAKES ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ.

JIMMY EVERETT, BORED WITH INACTION, MAKES A DECISION THAT IS TO CHANGE HIS ENTIRE LIFE —

NOTHING AROUND BUT FLOWERS AND BUGS. THINK I'LL VISIT OLD MR. SCHMIDT, THE CHEMIST.

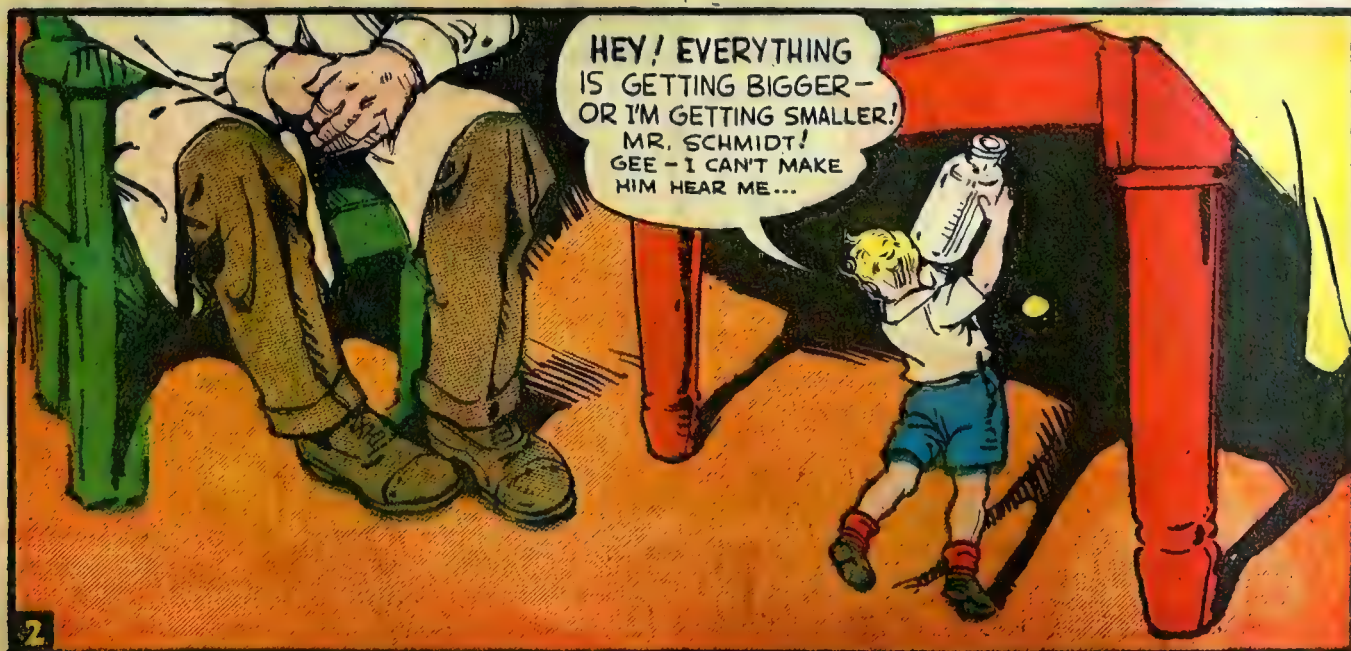
ON THE WAY THROUGH THE HEDGE THAT SEPARATES HIS HOUSE FROM THE OLD CHEMIST'S, JIMMY SEES A BLACK ANT.

HELLO THERE! WISH I WAS AS SMALL AS YOU. THEN I COULD FIND A LOT OF NEW THINGS TO DO.

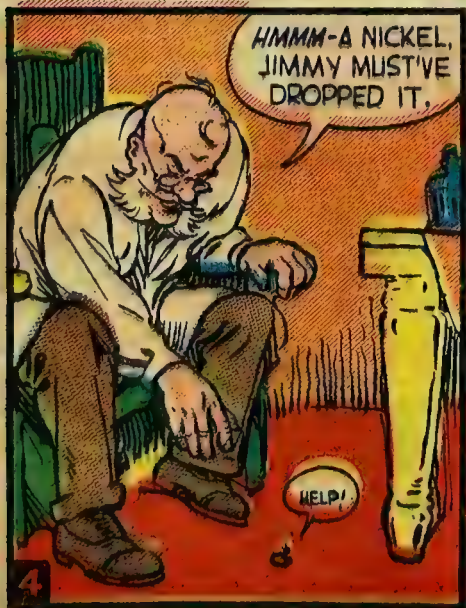
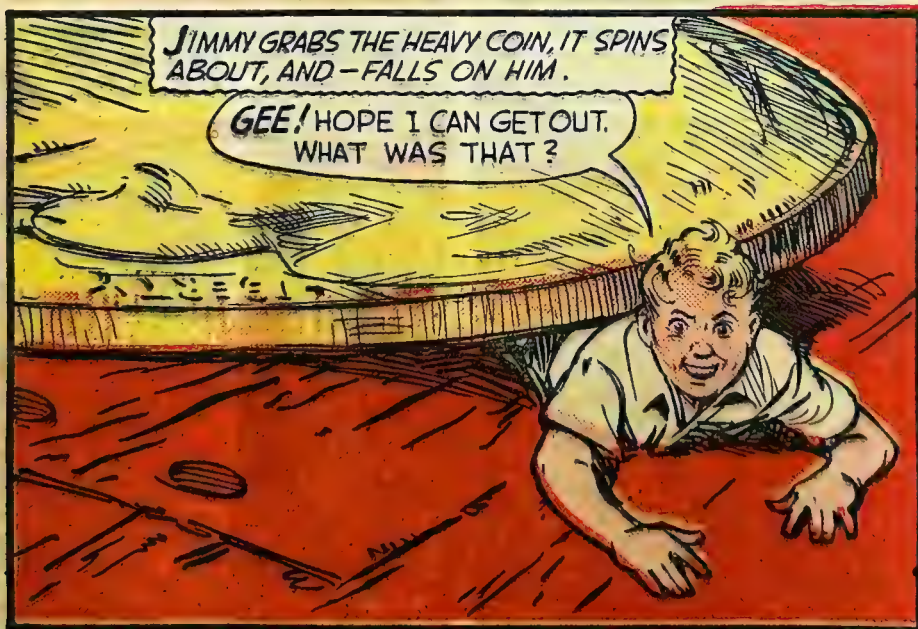
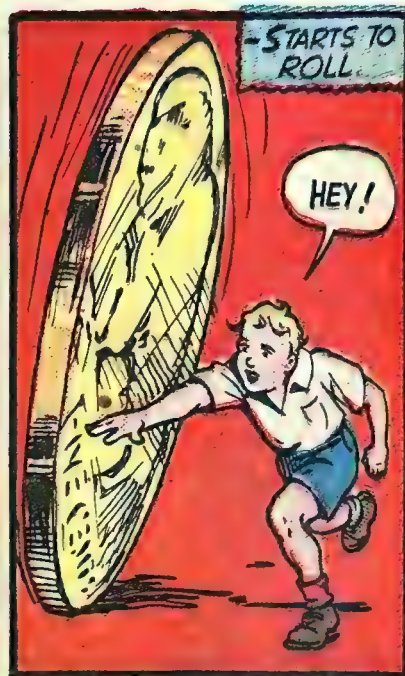
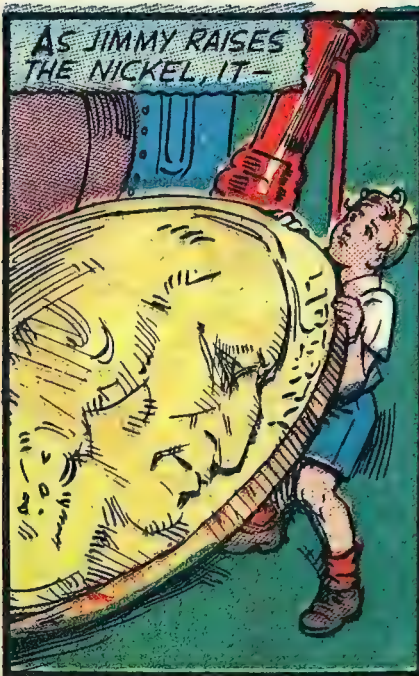
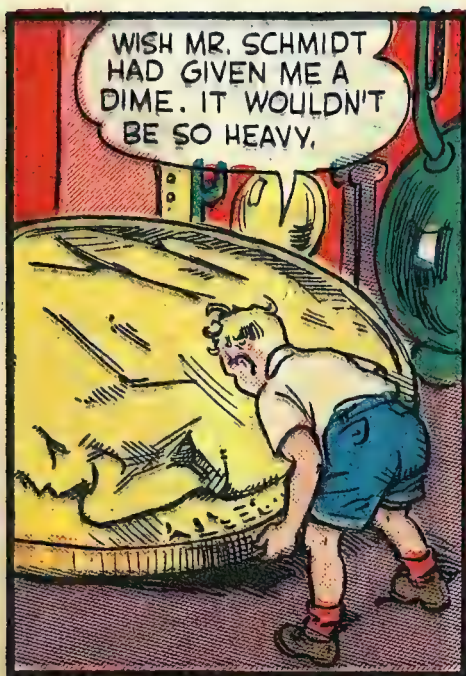
IN MR. SCHMIDT'S LABORATORY—NEXT DOOR.

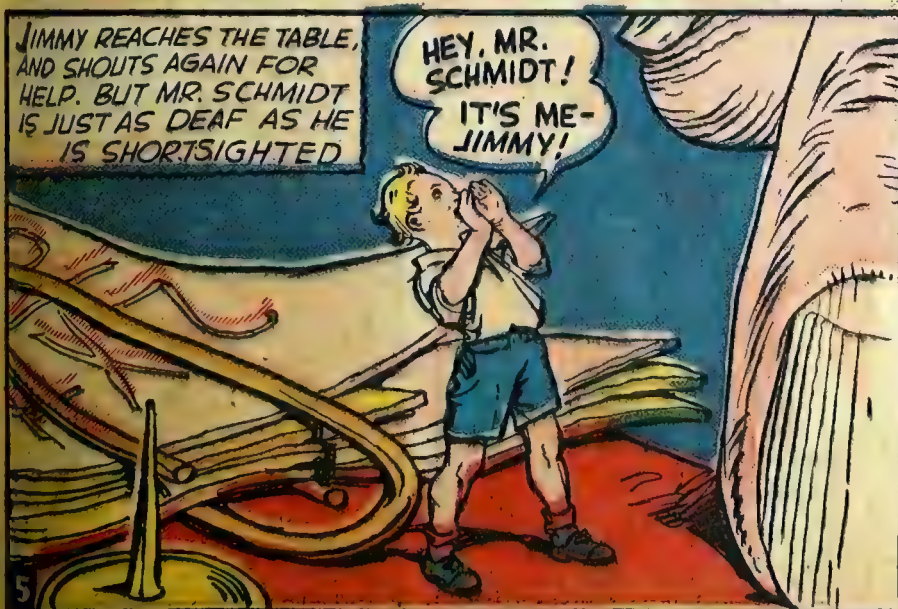
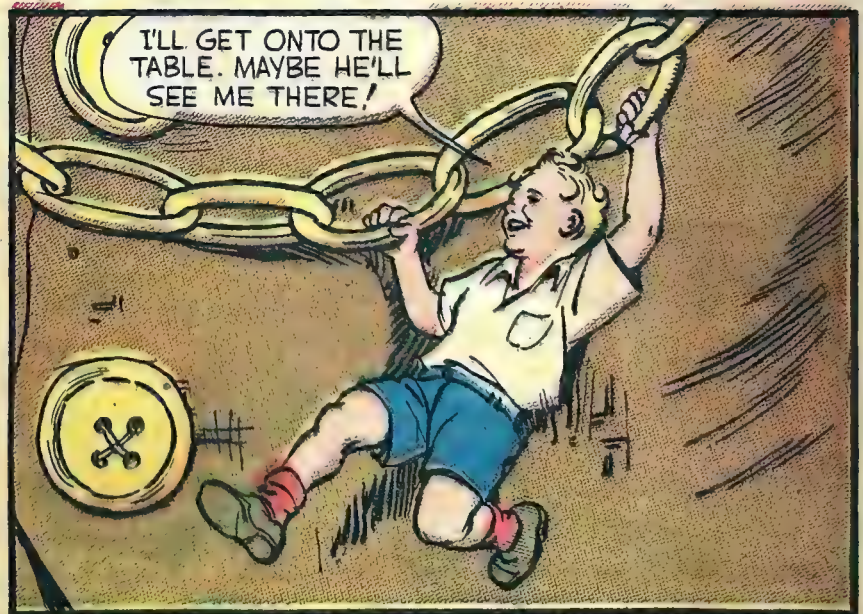
HELLO, MR. SCHMIDT. CAN I RUN ANY ERRANDS FOR YOU?

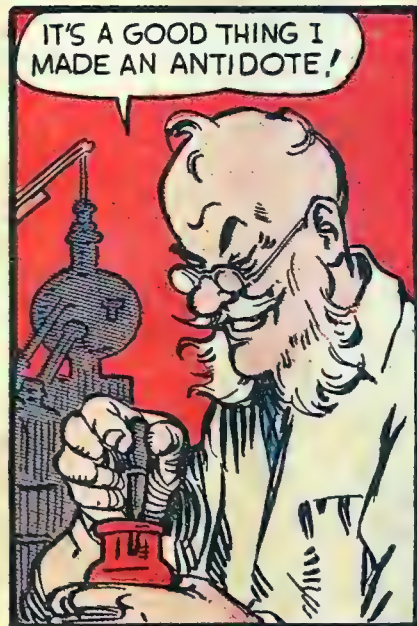
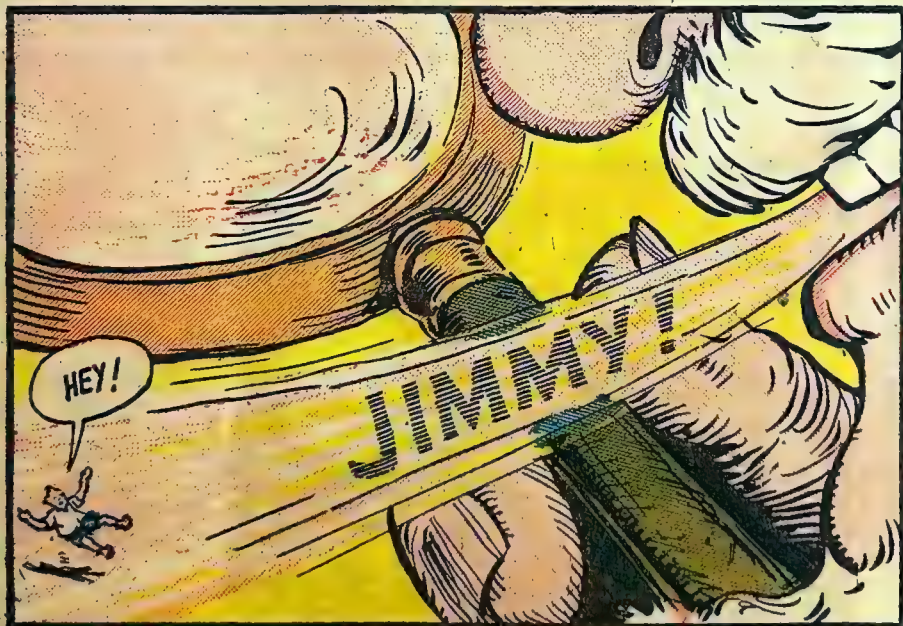
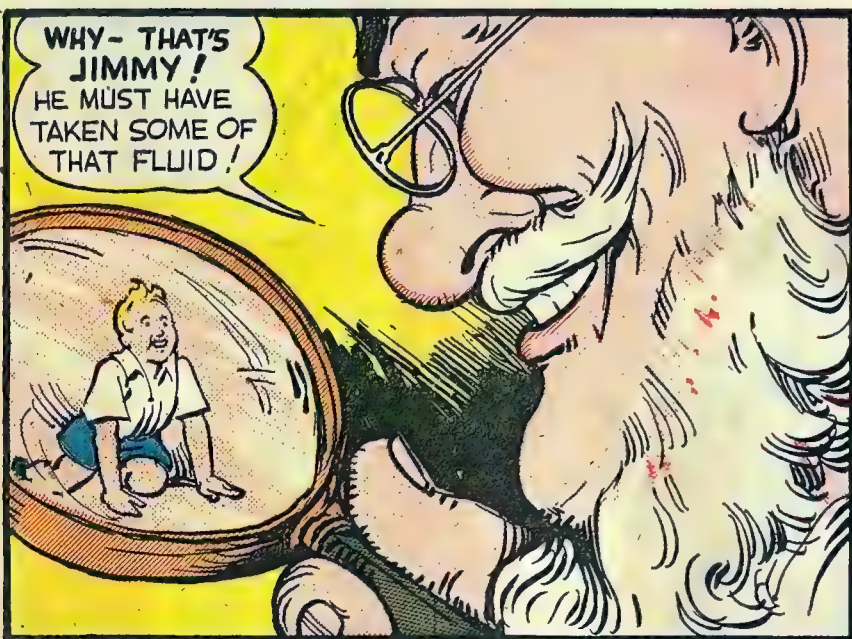
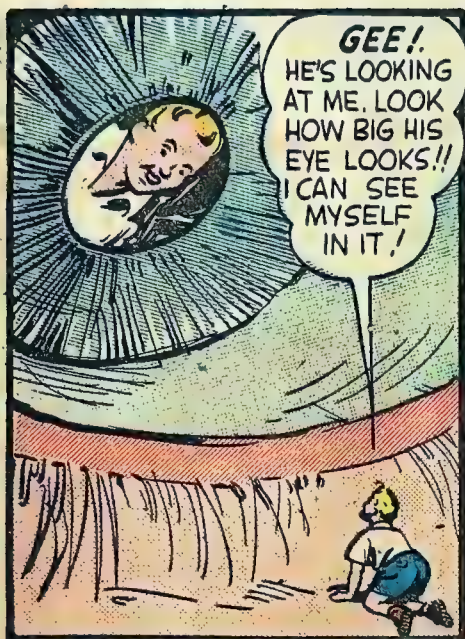
HELLO, JIMMY. SURE YOU CAN. I'M ALL OUT OF TOBACCO. IF YOU GET ME SOME I'LL GIVE YOU A NICKEL.





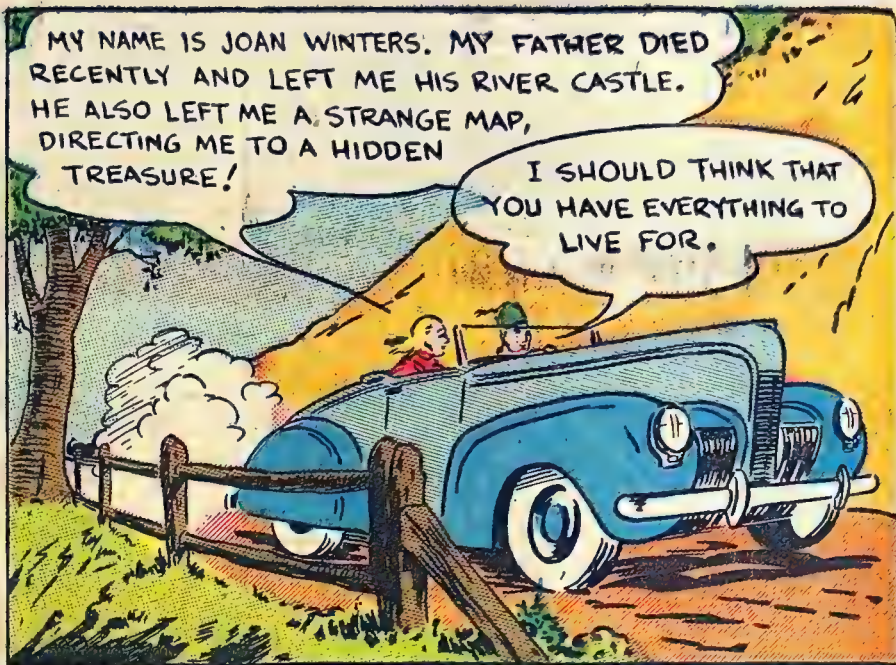






NEXT MONTH
DR. SCHMIDT
STARTS A
STRANGE
EXPERIMENT
WITH JIMMY.





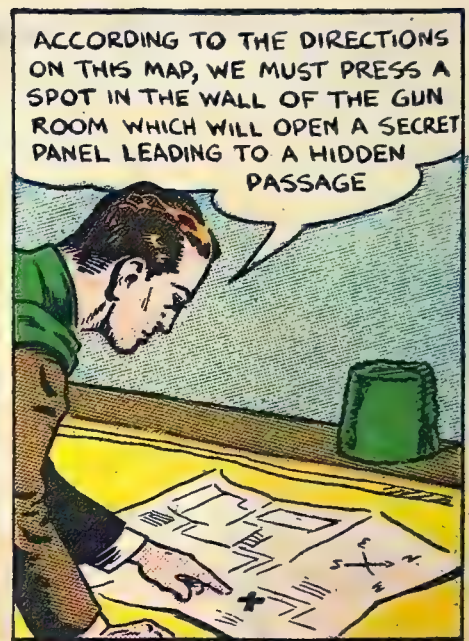


I WASN'T LISTENING, MISS WINTERS. I CAME TO SEE IF YOU WANTED ANYTHING.

PLEASE LEAVE THE ROOM AT ONCE!



HE FRIGHTENS ME WITH HIS STEALTHY WAYS. HIS BROTHER WAS OUR GARDNER, BUT HE DISAPPEARED SHORTLY AFTER MY FATHER DIED



ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS ON THIS MAP, WE MUST PRESS A SPOT IN THE WALL OF THE GUN ROOM WHICH WILL OPEN A SECRET PANEL LEADING TO A HIDDEN PASSAGE



AND THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON SHINING THROUGH THAT CRACK AT 2 A.M. WILL STRIKE THE SECRET BUTTON.



I'LL STAY IN THIS ROOM TO-NIGHT AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

BUT THOSE HORRIBLE GHOSTS - THEY WILL ATTACK YOU! EVERY NIGHT THEY ROAM THROUGH THE CASTLE!

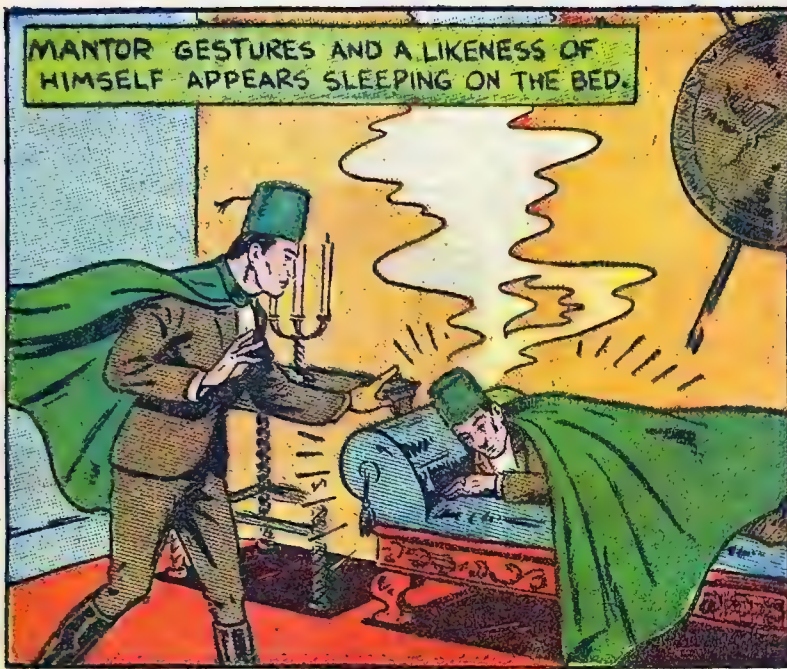


I'LL SLEEP THERE UNTIL TWO O'CLOCK. WHEN THE MOON REVEALS THE BUTTON I'LL CALL YOU. YOU MUST LOCK YOURSELF IN YOUR ROOM UNTIL THEN.



BE CAREFUL!

DON'T WORRY. REMEMBER - KEEP YOUR DOOR LOCKED UNTIL I COME FOR YOU!



MANTOR GESTURES AND A LIKENESS OF HIMSELF APPEARS SLEEPING ON THE BED.



NOW I'M READY FOR THOSE GHOSTS



SOFTLY THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING A HORRIBLY DEFORMED CREATURE.



IT ENTERS THE ROOM AND SWINGS A MIGHTY AXE AT THE HEAD OF MANTOR LIKENESS.



HERE, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



MANTOR STEPS FORWARD, FIRE SHOOTING FROM HIS EYES AND FINGERTIPS. THE GHOST RECOILS —

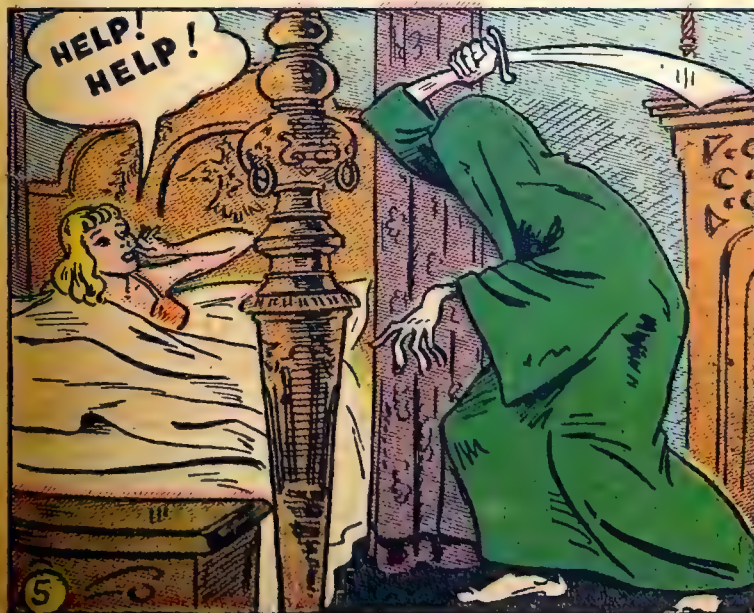
WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?

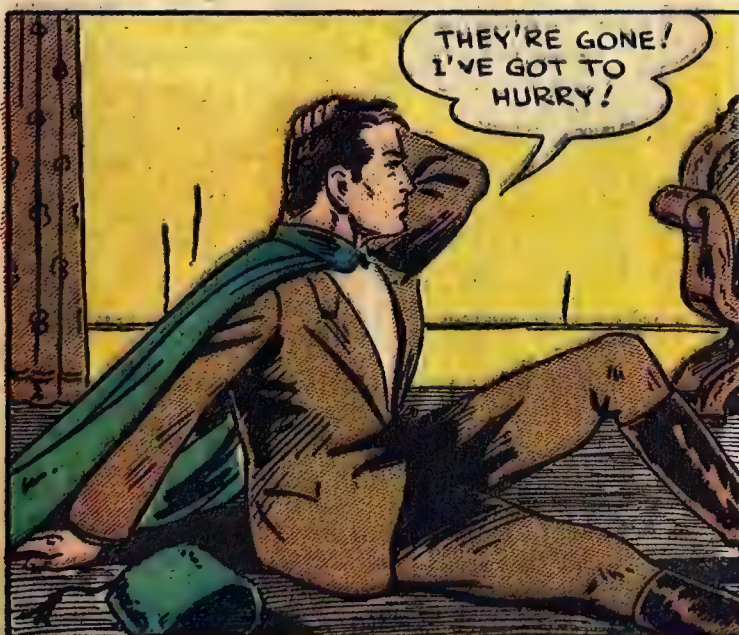
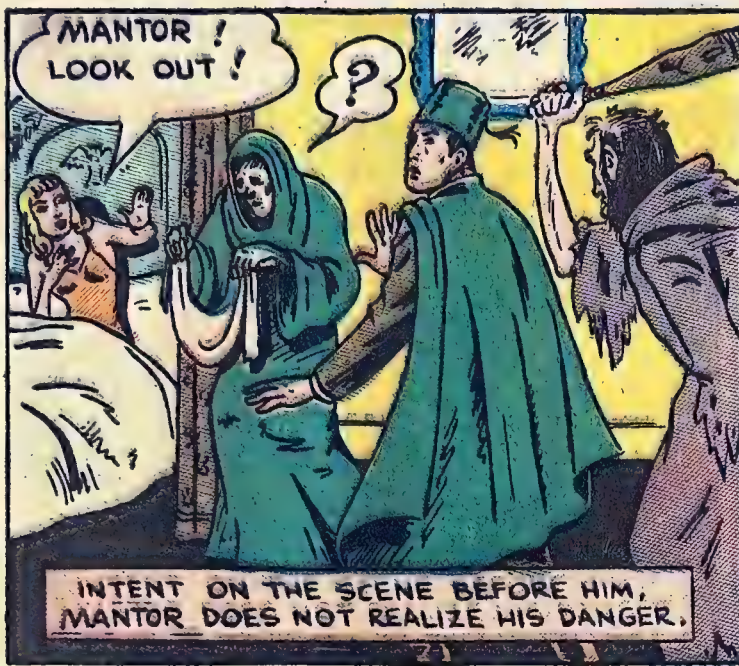
—AND RACES FROM THE ROOM.



TWO O'CLOCK. NOW FOR THE MOONLIGHT!

DONG DONG





MANTOR HEARS THE SPLASH OF WATER FROM BELOW AS HE RACES DOWN THE STAIRS.

THEY'VE THROWN HER INTO THE WATER!

SPLASH
HELP!
HELP!

I MUST SAVE HER FIRST.

MANTOR GESTURES AND—

—THE WATER MIRACULOUSLY DISAPPEARS, LEAVING JOAN STANDING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CHANNEL.

IN ANOTHER MINUTE I'D HAVE BEEN DRAWN INTO THAT ABYSS.

COME! RUN UP STAIRS AND PHONE THE POLICE! I'LL GO AFTER THE GHOSTS.

THE DUST IS SO THICK THAT EVEN GHOSTS LEAVE FOOTPRINTS! NOW FOR THE SURPRISE!

AT LAST. THE TREASURE!

MEANWHILE —

LOOK! IT'S FLOATING AWAY!

GRAB IT!

SUDDENLY THE CHEST OF GOLD FLOATS UPWARD AND MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR!

HAVE YOU PHONED THE POLICE?

THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! DID THEY ESCAPE WITH THE GOLD?





The STRANGE CASE OF THE BLOODLESS CORPSES

JACK CASTLE, A YOUNG PHYSICIAN ... BECAME ENDOWED WITH ALL THE POWERS OF THE ELEMENTS WHEN HE TANGLED WITH A MAD SCIENTIST IN HIS FIRST ESCAPE AS A SPECIAL POLICE OFFICER...

HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH AND ABILITY TO CAST ELECTRICAL RAYS FROM HIS BODY HAVE EARNED HIM THE TITLE OF

The FIERY MASK
SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES...

YOU SENT FOR ME, CAPTAIN?

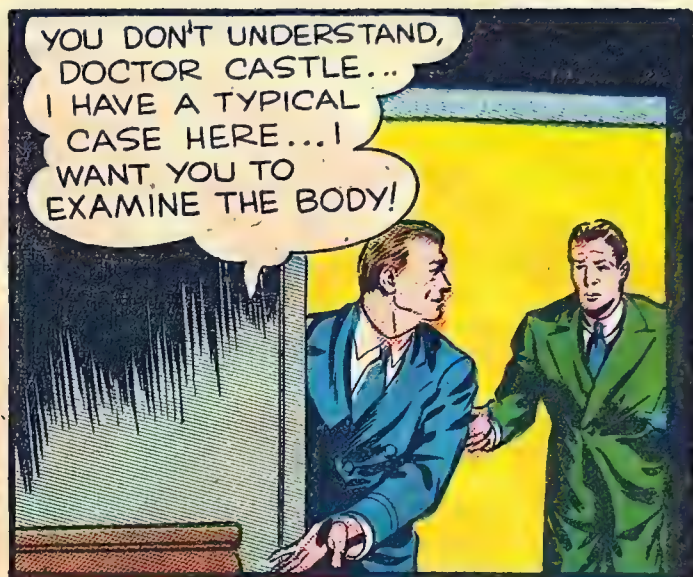
ER...UH...OH, YES...DR. CASTLE! COME IN!



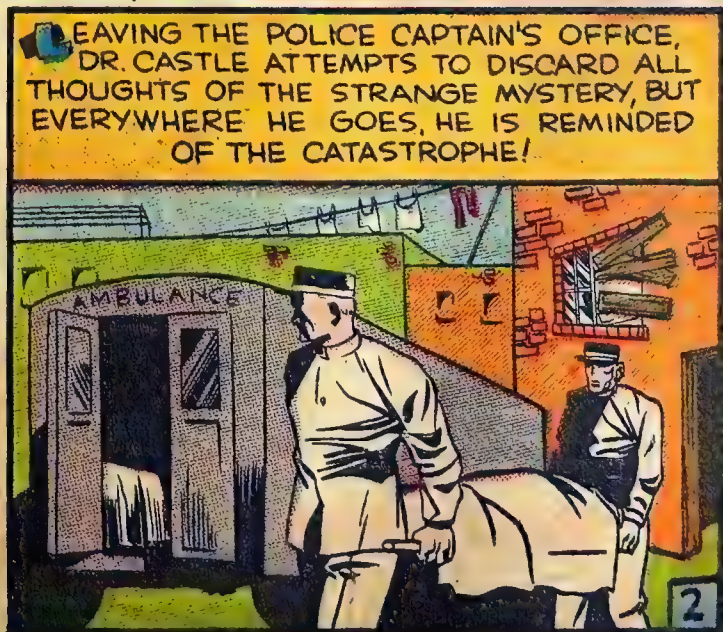
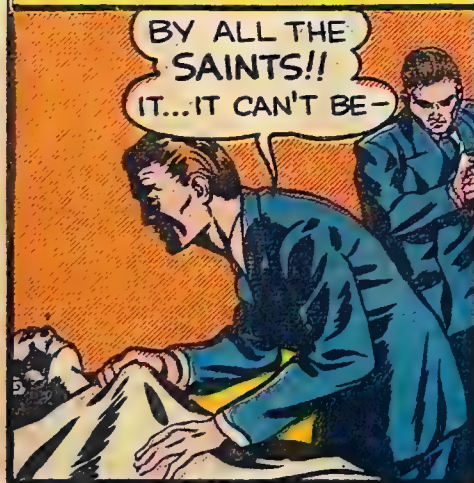
YOU KNOW WHY I CALLED YOU, I PRESUME!

YES—I'VE BEEN READING THE PAPERS!

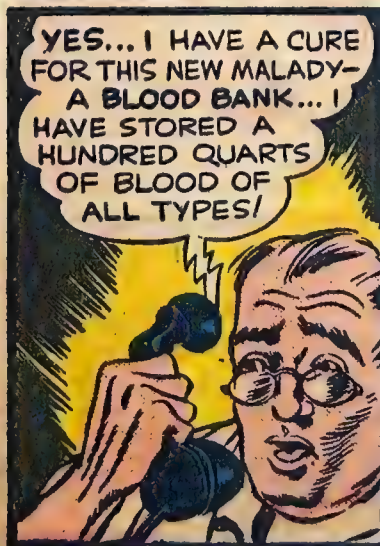




THE PUZZLED YOUNG PHYSICIAN HESITANTLY STOOPS DOWN TO EXAMINE THE MARBLE-LIKE CORPSE... SUDDENLY HE STIFFENS AND HIS ENTIRE BEING SHUDTERS AS HE REALIZES THE AWFUL TRUTH...



FOR THE NEWSPAPERS HAD SNATCHED ON TO THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AS A MOUSE SNAPS AT A PIECE OF CHEESE, AND ALREADY SCREAMING HEADLINES WERE PLAYING UP THE HIDEOUS MENACE...



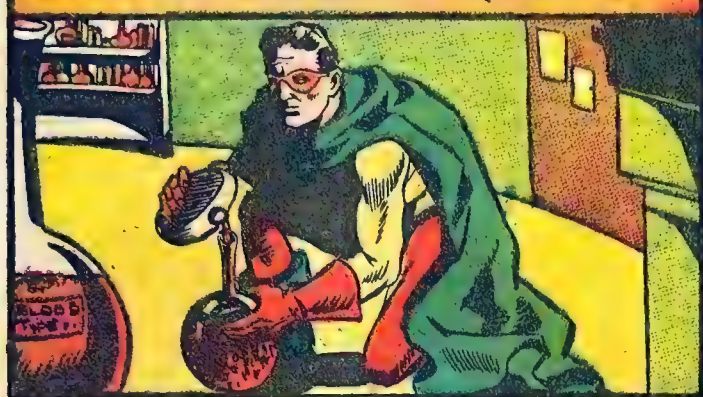
CHILDREN ARE KEPT OUT OF THE STREETS... DOORS ARE LOCKED AT ALL TIMES... CITIZENS ARE DEMANDING PROTECTION FROM THIS WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH!... VIGILANTE COMMITTEES STORM THE CITY HALL AS THE PANIC SPREADS!



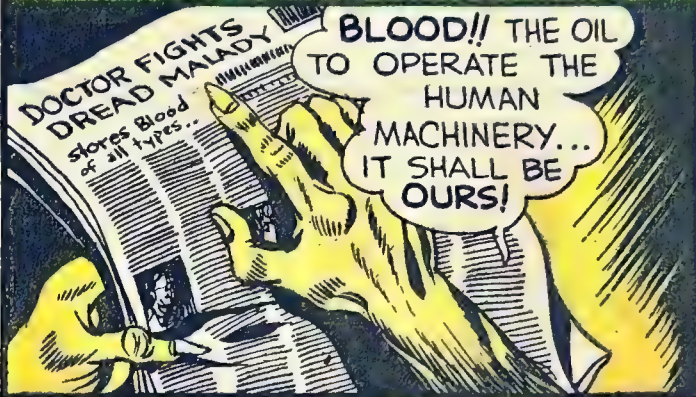
REALIZING THAT WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, MORE LIVES ARE BEING SNUFFED OUT... DR. CASTLE SNAPS INTO ACTION!



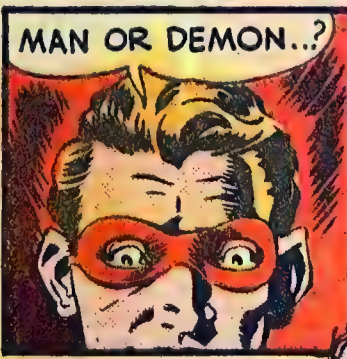
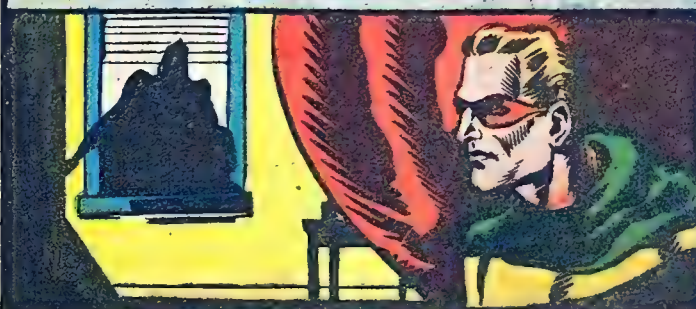
HIS TRAP SET, THE FIERY MASK PREPARES TO MEET HIS ELUSIVE QUARRY...



WHILE GREEDY EYES SCAN A NEWS-PAPER ITEM....



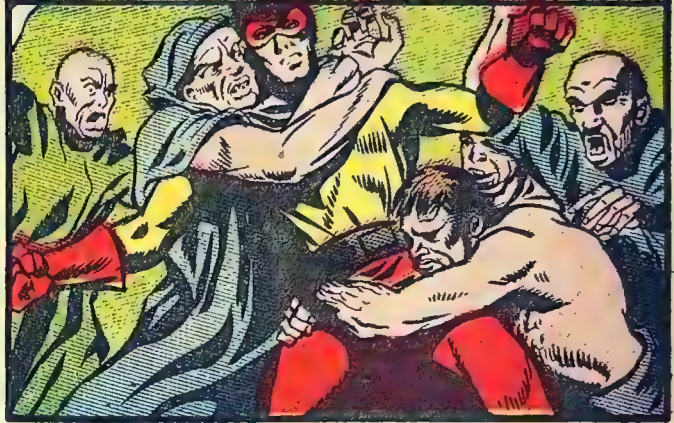
FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, THE FIERY MASK WATCHES A SHADOWY FIGURE SLINK THROUGH THE LABORATORY WINDOW...



HIS EYES ABLAZE...THE STEEL FINGERS OF THE FIERY MASK SLOWLY TIGHTEN AROUND THE COLD FLESH OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE!



BUT SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS TURNED INTO A HOWLING INFERNO AS MANY PAIRS OF COLD, CLAMMY HANDS ENCIRCLE THE BEWILDERED MASK...

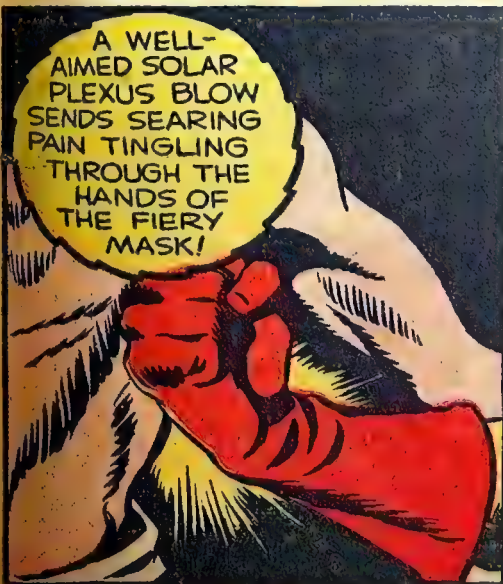


LIKE A HUMAN TORNADO, THE SAVAGE YOUNG CRIME-FIGHTER TEARS THROUGH HIS MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANTS....



SO!...IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU DEVILS? WELL...COME AND GET IT!

A WELL- AIMED SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW SENDS SEARING PAIN TINGLING THROUGH THE HANDS OF THE FIERY MASK!



WOW! WHAT ARE THOSE STOMACHS MADE OF... IRON OR CONCRETE?



HE WILL BOTHER US NO MORE!



THE MASK IS DOWNED.



THE FOOL IS DONE
FOR... HURRY!
REMOVE THE
LIFE-GIVING
ELEMENT!

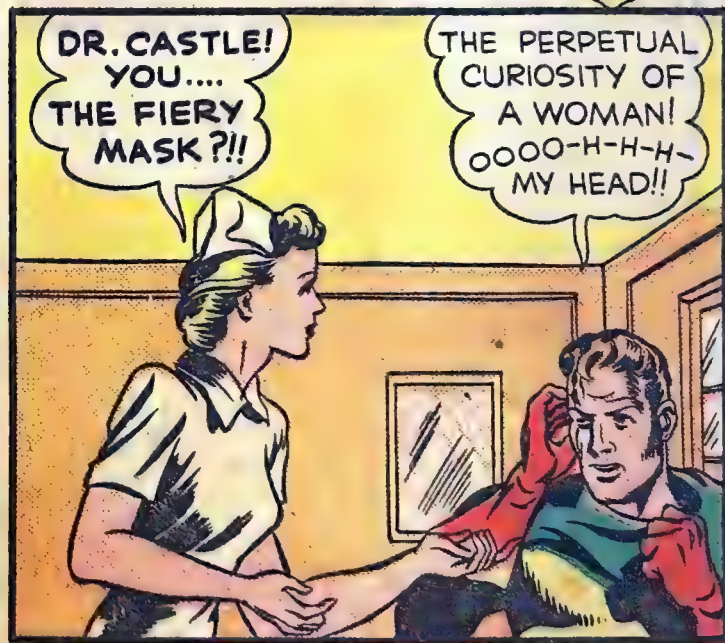


The NEXT MORNING... DR. CASTLE'S
NURSE FINDS A COMPLETELY
WRECKED LABORATORY, AND....

HEAVENS! IT'S-
WHY... IT'S
THE FIERY
MASK!



HE'S ALIVE...
I... WONDER...
IF I DARE...



DR. CASTLE!
YOU....
THE FIERY
MASK?!!

THE PERPETUAL
CURIOSITY OF
A WOMAN!
OOOO-H-H-H-
MY HEAD!!



BUT... BUT
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

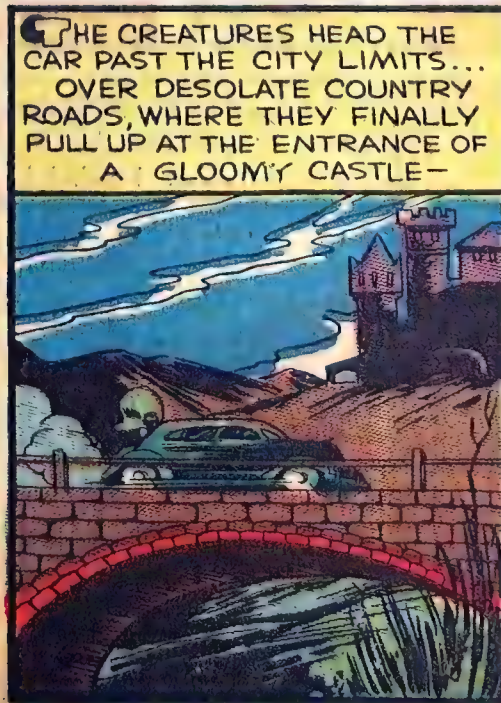
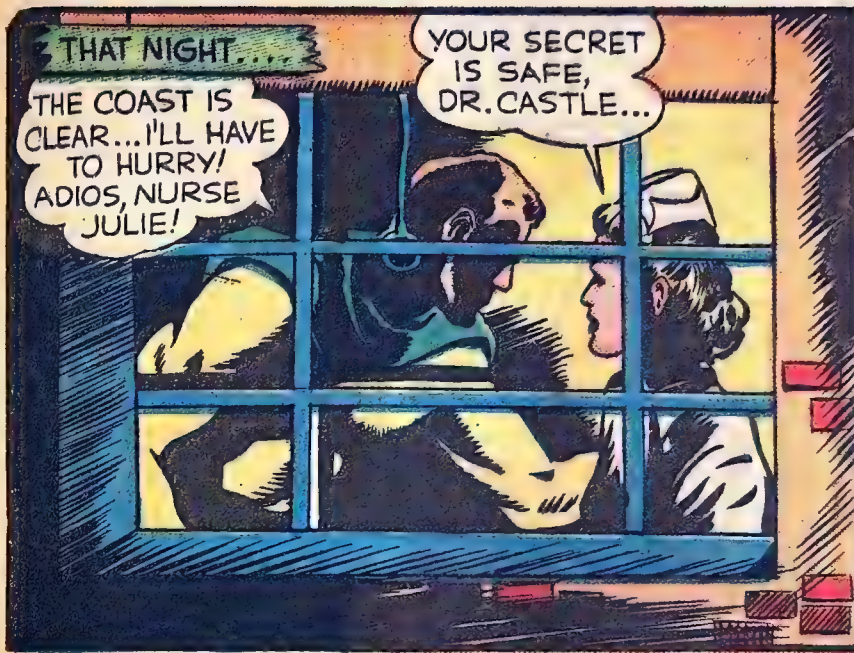
THERE ARE A
LOT OF THINGS
WE WILL NEVER
UNDERSTAND,
MY DEAR- BUT
YOU MUST
TRUST ME...

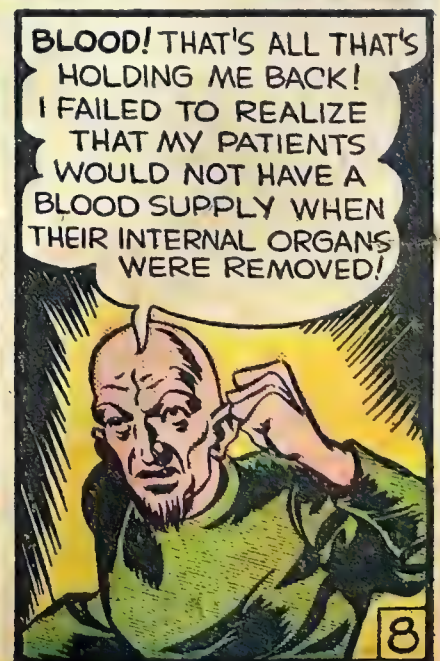
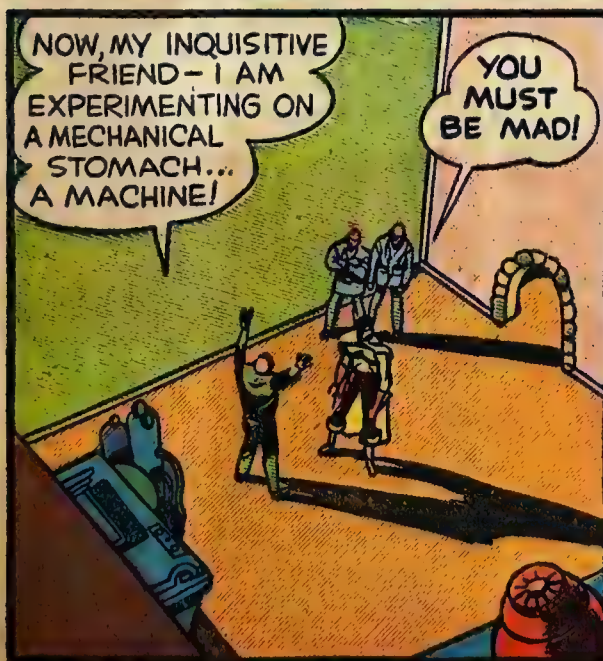
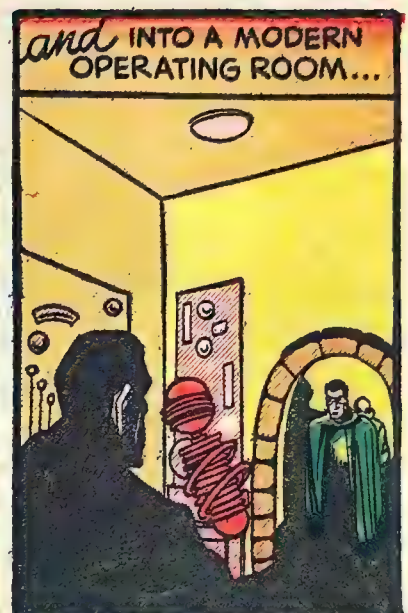


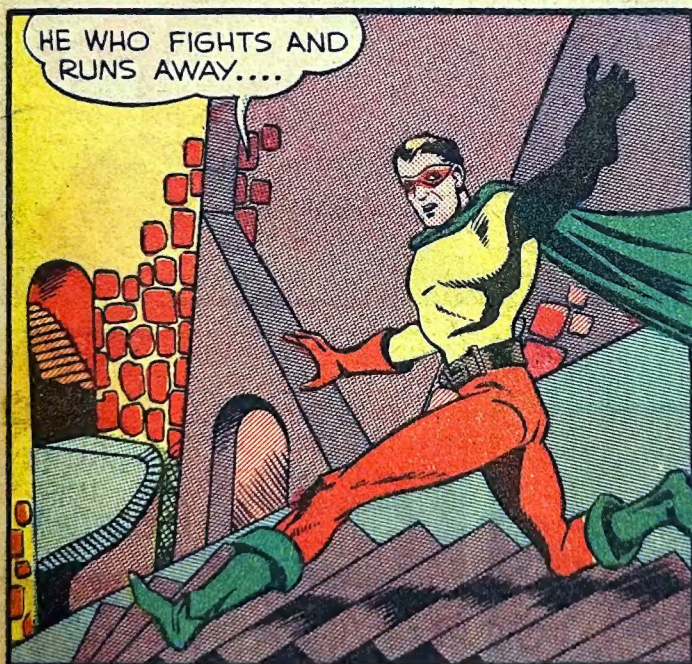
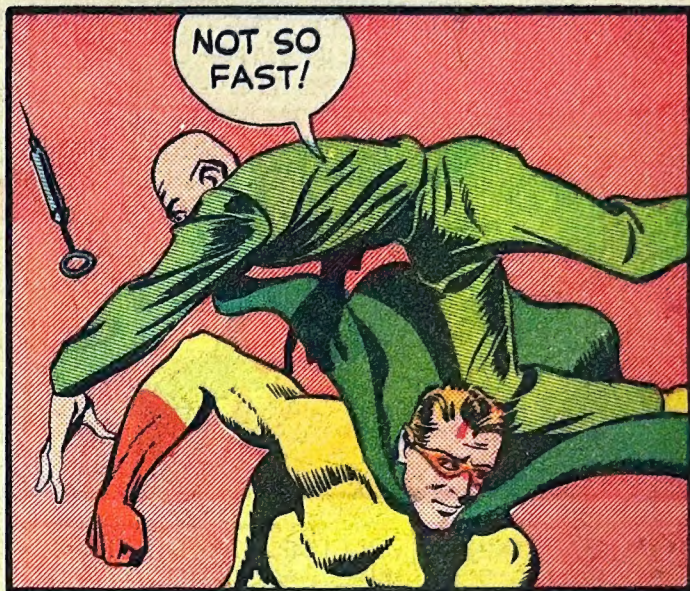
... AND KEEP MY
SECRET! NOW...
HERE'S THE
STORY...



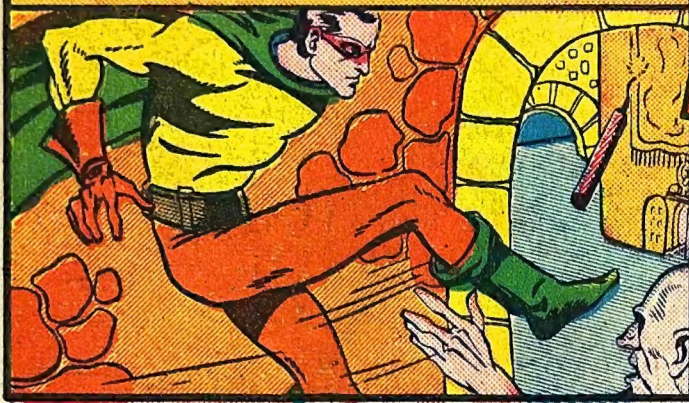
... AND THE BLOOD THEY
STOLE WAS MIXED
WITH A CERTAIN
FLUORESCENT SALT,
VISIBLE ONLY TO MY
ELECTRICALLY CHARGED
EYES! THROUGH THIS
MEDIUM I HOPE TO
TRACE THE CREATURES!



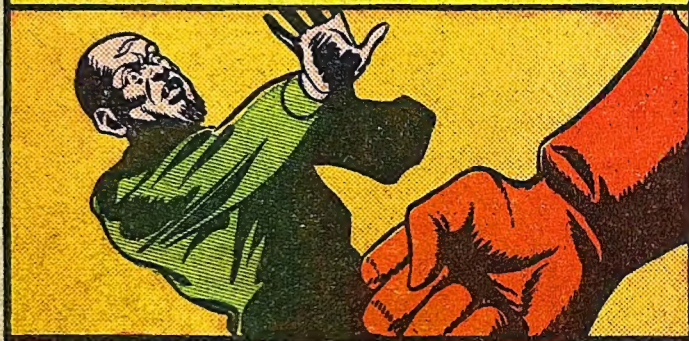




WITH LIGHTNING SPEED..THE FIERY MASK LASHES OUT, KICKING THE DEADLY FUSE HIGH INTO THE AIR!



TAKEN UNAWARES...THE MAD DOCTOR FALLS SCREAMING BACKWARD...

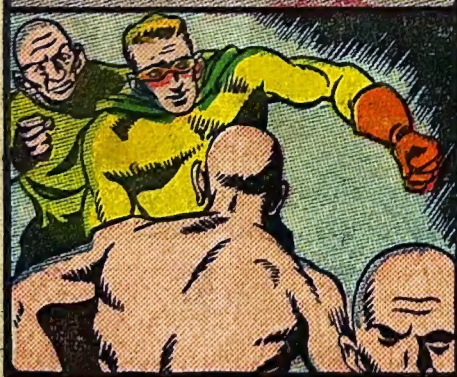


NOW!
CATCH IT!

GOT
IT!



THE CORPSE-LIKE CREATURES TURN ON THE FIERY MASK... THEN SUDDENLY HESITATE—



—AND SWARM OVER THE FALLEN DOCTOR SENDACH!



THE DOCTOR WAS CUT...THESE POOR FOOLS SCENTED THE BLOOD!

OH-H-H!
IT'S
HORRIBLE!



THIS DYNAMITE WILL COME IN HANDY! WE'LL DESTROY THE CASTLE AND ALL THE SUFFERING THAT GOES WITH IT!



AND ONCE MORE A CITY SLUMBERS PEACEFULLY, HAPPY THAT A DREAD, MYSTERIOUS MALADY HAD VANISHED FROM ITS MIDST, WHILE A MIGHTY FIGURE HOVERS ABOUT, HIS CAPE FLUTTERING IN THE BREEZE LIKE A PROTECTIVE CLOUD... FOR THE FIERY MASK HAD ONCE MORE RESCUED ITS PEOPLE.





ACT NOW!
ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK** FOR ONLY **\$1.00**

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU
LEARN TYPING FREE**

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

**THE
COMBINATION
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY**
How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-11
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

PRIZES!

For You!



**DAISY'S
1000 SHOT
RED
RYDER
CARBINE**

1000-shot repeater.
Sell one order.



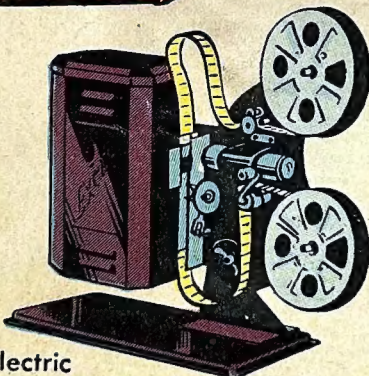
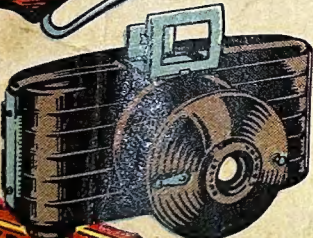
Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches
Sell one order.



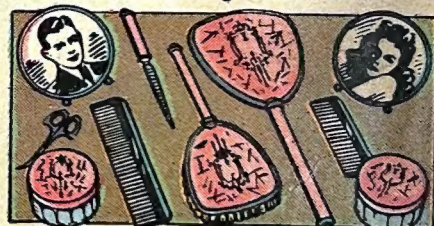
Fitted
Overnight Case.
Given for selling one order.



Sell one
order and get
your choice of
Eastman
Cameras.



Electric
Movie Outfit. Sell one order.



10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set.
Given for selling only one order.



5-pc. Train
outfit with track.
Sell one
order.



Yale
Football
Set. Given for
selling one order

**GENE AUTRY
HOLSTER SET**

**FREE
RING**



Be a "two-gun" cowboy—
belt, two holsters, two
Gene Autry revolvers,
all given for selling
one order. Gene Autry Ring FREE.

BOYS! GIRLS! Here are swell prizes for You—or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here, or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors—a bargain at 10c! When sold return the money and choose your prize. It is sent **AT ONCE**.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 610, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 610, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize.
My choice of prize is _____

Name _____
Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____
City _____
State _____